

1882

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by the Publisher of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 61.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

Price Ten Cents.



A FIENDISH NEGRO'S CRIME—BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON MISSES MARY AND LIZZIE VIOLON, BY A BLACK MISCREANT, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MO.—SEE PAGE 5.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1878.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00
One copy, six months.....2.00
One copy, three months.....1.00
Clubs of three, or more, \$3 per year, or \$1.50 for six months
Single copies.....Ten Cents
Postage paid to all subscribers in the United States, and the Canada.
Subscribers should in all cases remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter to insure safety, addressed to the proprietor, P. O. Box 40, New York.

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NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY,

and NATIONAL NEWS COMPANY.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Thanks for attention; will return photo.

CAPTAIN WRATLEY, Norwich, Conn.—Thanks for attention matter attended to.

J. H. K., Council Bluffs, Iowa. Article held over. Let us know what you value it at.

B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—See items under "Vice's Varieties;" others previously received.

W. L. H., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Matter will be attended to in our next. Further by mail.

P. S. C., Bellaire, O.—Article held over—too late for this issue; thanks; send photo if possible.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Photos received—two published in this issue; thanks for courtesies. Further by mail.

J. E. H., New Brunswick, N. J.—Cannot recall the circumstance amid such a multiplicity of similar matters. If you will be more specific as to date will endeavor to find the matter.

L. E. F., Moline, Ill.—Article held over for the present. Thanks for the attention. Can you not send us some newspaper mention or other confirmation of the circumstances given?

C. C. C., Clarksville, Ark.—Thanks for attention. Article appears elsewhere, with sketch, duly credited. Shall be glad to have similar favors from you at any time. Further by mail.

E. C. J., Columbus, Ind.—See matter with photo elsewhere. Thanks for the attention; let us hear from you again, particularly with reference to additional intelligence concerning same party.

A. B. C., Columbus City, Iowa.—Article and photo received too late for this issue. Thanks for the attention. Can you not send us some confirmation of the statements made, newspaper allusion or otherwise.

H. G., Marselles, Ill.—Item previously received. Thanks for the attention. When you favor us again, however, please forward the item as soon as possible after the occurrence; do not keep it a week before mailing it.

C. A. P., Trenton, N. J.—See account of occurrence under head of "Vice's Varieties;" too late for illustration in this issue, however. Thanks for attention. Let us hear from you again as to matters of interest in your city and vicinity.

C. T., Blackville, S. C.—See item under "Vice's Varieties;" too late for more extended notice. Thanks for attention. The other matter referred to too old for publication unless brought up again by new circumstances, such as a trial of the parties or the like.

CALA, San Francisco, Cal. You are certainly over sensitive in the matter. It is altogether absurd to suppose that you would be identified in such a way in a city of that size. Probably there are several others there beside yourself bearing the same. Further by mail.

W. D. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—Electotype sent is not up to the GAZETTE standard, so we got up the portrait to suit ourselves, and you will doubtless allow it to be an improvement. Let us hear from you if you obtain any information of the further movements of the individual.

C. C. C., Martinsburgh, W. Va.—Items three weeks old are too far back for our columns unless the occurrences are in regions beyond the reach of the telegraph and railroad or there are other special circumstances attending. The other appears under "Vice's Varieties."

W. M., Baltimore, Md.—It is, as a guarantee of good faith only, but, of course, it is never published nor is it ever revealed on application of private individuals. Shall be glad to have the matter alluded to if of general interest and write-up in good style, but cannot fix any terms till we know its quality and worth to us.

W. W. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Do not consider either of the matters worth publishing, one, at least, being evidently a fancy sketch such as we could get up from the description in our own office. Accounts of both have also been previously published in our columns. Your valuation, even if this were not so, shows your experience in such matters to be decidedly limited. Thanks for the attention, however, and hope to hear from you again, when you have something of real value. All we want is a sketch of locality and surroundings merely, correct as to details, not a finished drawing, and an imaginary sketch is of no value to us whatever. As we have remarked, we can get up the same in this office, from descriptions, and certainly in much better style. Further by mail.

WHAT EXCUSE FOR THEIR EXISTENCE?

In another place we give the story of an adventure of a western merchant in the metropolis. He had others more or less satisfactory, but, of them all, that concerning his experience in the infamous dive known as the "Arcadian," on Broadway, with which our story deals, will probably be the one that, in all coming years, will be recalled by him with the most vivid, though scarcely the most pleasurable emotions. The den into which our western merchant fell, was known, until a short time since, as the "Dew Drop Inn." Under this inviting cognomen it achieved a monumental infamy that proved, at last, too heavy for it and its proprietors, urged by a scathing exposure in the GAZETTE, in which its peculiar iniquities were held up to the gaze of the police who were, of course, ignorant of them, resolved upon a reform, so far as the adoption of a new title was concerned. The place was therefore closed, underwent a "renovation," and presently re-opened under the style of the "Arcadian." But the change of name wrought no change of nature, as has been proved by numerous revelations showing a continuance of the peculiar business eccentricities that gave it such ill odor as the "Dew Drop Inn." Those that never come to light undoubtedly far outnumber the former, since the spoliation of the stranger and the unwary is the regular business of the place.

The unfortunate Michigander's case is only one of many, and he will probably find very little redress; certainly little show for his money. Yet this place flaunts itself upon our most prominent thoroughfare, right under the noses of the police to whom its character and the nature of the operations carried on there are thoroughly known, and without the slightest molestation from them. The place is specially dangerous from the fact of the location in which it is planted. Scarcely a stranger comes to the city but passes it at night sometime during his sojourn. Everything in its exterior is bright, inviting and, apparently, harmless. Strains of enlivening music further arrest his attention. He is tempted to enter, out of curiosity, falls at once into the hands of harpies and is lucky, indeed, if he emerges without being lamentably worse for the visit.

Other places of the same character swarm in the Bowery, in Chatham and William streets, not to refer to the more wretched brothels of the slums. Unlike the latter, those on our thoroughfares set forth temptations to a class of persons the others do not reach. Strangers, the young and the inexperienced have these so-called music halls and dives, waiter-girl saloons and the like thrust constantly before them. Many, if not most of these establishments, are kept by individuals who are well known to the police as belonging to the category of the "dangerous classes," and with whom the police would do well to cultivate a closer acquaintance. Most of them are the resort of low prostitutes and desperate thieves. In some a disgustingly obscene "performance," so called, on a rude stage, is dignified by the name of entertainment to cover the scoundrelism of the place and to serve as a bait to the uninitiated. Once in the clutches of the birds of prey, male and female, who infest these notorious dens, the unwary victim has small chance. In one way or another, by means of drugged liquor, robbery by stealth or by force, he is pretty sure to be relieved of his cash and is lucky if he emerges with a whole skin.

It seems almost incredible that such dangerous dens could exist in a city like this, yet, not only is all that we have said of their characteristics strictly true, but we have scarcely touched upon their iniquities. Why such places should be thus suffered to flourish with impunity is an enigma. It has been asserted that they pay for police tolerance and some of the proprietors openly boast of it. The public surely have a right to demand either a denial, or, if it be true, to a statement of the right by which it is done.

The fact is the metropolis swarms with a class of resorts of which we have given some of the most prominent types, the business of which is simply disguised robbery, often thinly disguised at that. It is about time that a disgusted public should be informed as to the excuse for their existence.

DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?

Probably in no age of the world, in any country having pretensions to civilization, and in a time of profound peace, certainly never in the history of our own country has there been a period characterized by such bold and desperate crimes and such audacious robberies as has the current year. This city, the metropolis of the country, and, as it should be, the exponent of the civilization of the nation, seems to have been selected as the favorite field of operations of the most daring of the criminal classes. One daring robbery has followed another in such quick succession, each surpassing the other in audaciousness, if it be possible, until the community is startled by the fact of its apparent helplessness and the police seem bewildered by a sense of their own inefficiency. Just at present, it would appear, we have reached the culmination of this era of astounding crime, and it has been marked by the perpetration of three of the boldest criminal

operations on record. The robbery of the Manhattan Bank, the desecration of the grave of A. T. Stewart and the robbery of the Eighth avenue jewelry store, twice in the same day, by the same persons, were schemes that succeeded solely by their sheer audacity, upon which, it was evident, the perpetrators had counted for success, and which were well calculated to startle a community into an effort to secure better protection for itself than that which renders such a state of things possible.

If such crimes can be committed in the heart of the city, in spite of every effort which the genius of the present police system can devise, it is certainly time to inquire, whether there is not either something wrong in the administration of that system or whether the system cannot be improved. In other words citizens cannot but ask themselves, under the present condition of things, the old question, with a new signification, "Does protection protect?" or whether a vigilance committee, after the old California plan of '49, would not be a marked improvement upon the security provided for life and property by the "finest force in the world."

The Coolest Robbery Yet.

(Subject of Illustration.)

One of the boldest and most audacious robberies ever committed in this city, even in comparison with the many startling events in the criminal line which have marked the current year, was perpetrated on Wednesday, 6th inst., upon Mr. A. Bernhard, a watchmaker and jeweller, at 934 Eighth avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth streets. The peculiar feature about it is that two robberies were committed at the same place on the same day, probably by the same persons, and both successful. Mr. Bernhard's store has a large show window, the front of which is of plate glass, with narrow sides of a somewhat thinner kind. About noon he was on the sidewalk in front of his store when he noticed that a hole had been cut with a diamond in the window at the lower portion of the narrow side pane furthest from the door. The pane had been replaced in the office so that the fracture would not be noticed unless one looked sharply at it. The window was perfectly sound at eight o'clock that morning, and at once divining that he had been robbed, Mr. Bernhard made a hasty examination of his stock and found that a watch and a number of gold, amethyst and pearls to the value of \$300 had been removed. He reported the matter at the Forty-seventh street police station, and Sergeant Little despatched several detectives to the scene. Nothing in the nature of a clue was found. The officers departed as wise as they came, while Mr. Bernhard placed a board inside his window to stop the hole and went on with his business. The next chapter is related as follows by Charles Seeger, Mr. Bernhard's clerk: Nothing more happened until 7½ o'clock on the same evening. At that time I was standing near the door outside the counter. We were talking about the robbery, and all of a sudden a great paving stone went through the window with a crash. It was thrown with such force that it struck the board back of a jeweler's working desk behind the window, and cracked it. While the shattered glass was yet falling, a man thrust the upper half of his body through into the window and grabbed a tray of eight gold watches, with some heavy solid gold rings on it. I got a good look at him, and am sure I should know him again. He was a young man, thin faced, very pale, smooth shaved, with light clothes, and a soft black hat. I drew my revolver and jumped to the door, but could not open it. It was fastened in some way on the outside; but how we have not been able to discover. My employer sprang to help me, and together we pulled the door open. Then we chased the thief, who was not half a block away. I fired three shots after him from my revolver, but don't think I hit him. Mr. Alsburg, who lives in this block, was behind me running after the thief, and he fired his pistol once, but in the air, and the thief only ran the faster. A police officer, who was coming down Eighth avenue, a little above Fifty-sixth street, joined in the chase, but did not shoot. The robber then ran down Fifty-sixth street toward Broadway, and at the corner of Broadway we all lost him. There were many persons running after him, but nobody saw where he went from there. Afterward I got a lantern and hunted along the way he ran to see whether he had dropped any of the things he stole. I found the tray and three of the gold watches. One of them somebody had stepped on, mashing it all to pieces. Altogether the thief got away with six gold watches and about twenty solid gold rings—that is in the two raids on the window—amounting to about \$600 in value.

Etheridge, the St. Paul, Minn., Swindler.

(With Portrait.)

Charles Etheridge, late of St. Paul, Minn., is the latest and most notable addition to the ranks of the noble army of high-toned robbers. At present he is of no place in particular, skulking from the noiseless but persistent and tireless pursuit of the law. Etheridge was an insurance agent in St. Paul and financial representative of the New York Loan and Trust Company. In his flight he abandoned an estimable wife, and is very generally believed to be accompanied by a woman of loose character, who is supposed to have been the inciting cause of his defalcation and subsequent hasty departure for parts unknown. The amount of his peculations was roughly estimated at about \$36,000, but further developments seem likely to add largely to this amount. His actual defalcation, so far as the Merchants' National, of St. Paul, is the sufferer, was made known on the 9th by the filing of a com-

plaint by the bank in the district court for Ramsey county. The complaint is brought with a view to get hold of the property left behind by Etheridge, if possible, but primarily with the object of proving forgery upon Etheridge, so that he may be extradited if found in a foreign country.

Silas Keyser, the Incendiary Fiend.

(With Portrait.)

Silas Keyser, now serving a life sentence in the Clinton, N. Y., State Prison, was convicted of one of the most fiendish crimes which a depraved mind could plan. Yet a petition is being circulated with a view of obtaining his pardon, and, astonishing as it is when the atrocious crime as well as the infamous character of the man are known, is receiving strong influence among the reputable citizens of his neighborhood. Keyser was for many years a resident of Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y., where he kept a noted resort for low sporting characters and lewd women. The crime for which he was sentenced was an attempt to blow up a private residence and kill its inmates by means of a box loaded with powder and stones placed under the house and connected with a long fuse outside. This diabolical plot failed, but the crime was fully proved upon Keyser, who was convicted and sentenced as stated. His motive was revenge upon the owner of the house, which adjoined that of Keyser, he having made complaints as to the character of the house. An authentic portrait of this villain, whose neighbors are apparently anxious to enjoy his companionship again, appears on another page.

Woodward, the Jewelry Robber.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we present an authentic portrait of Charles Woodward, now confined in the Cook county jail, Chicago, charged with being concerned in the much-talked-of Palmer House robbery in that city. The evidence against him is said to be sufficiently strong to convict him with scarcely a doubt. He made his escape at the time though the detectives were upon his track immediately after the occurrence. He is also charged with the robbery of \$13,000 worth of jewelry and diamonds in Maiden Lane, in this city.

Woodward is forty-two years of age, and his life has been a long career of crime with the usual vicissitudes of his class. He is regarded as one of the most adroit and dangerous criminals in the country, and Assistant Superintendent Dixon and Lieutenant McGarigle, to whom is due the credit of his capture, are deserving of much commendation for putting him where he will not be likely to trouble society for some time to come.

George Freeman, Alias "Sheeney George."

(With Portrait.)

Among our portraits this week is a correct likeness of George Freeman, alias "Sheeney George," alias "Sheeney Kid," a gentleman who has recently occupied a large share of the attention of the police and citizens of Chicago, Ill., from his supposed connection with the burglary of the store of E. S. Jaffray & Co., and the murder of Officer Race, in that city, on the night of the 4th of October last. Lamb, the alleged assassin, was captured some time since, but "Sheeney George" succeeded in making his escape and led the officers a long chase. He was finally run down in St. Paul, Minn., however, by Detective Bauder, in whose custody he was returned to Chicago and safely lodged in jail on the 7th, as detailed in another column. We have now published portraits both of the victim and of the alleged criminals in this memorable tragedy.

Favorites of the Footlights.

(With Portraits.)

In our portrait gallery of footlight favorites this week, we present authentic likenesses, in costume, of Miss Hughes, the charming vocalist and national delineator, in piquant Spanish character, as she appears in singing her favorite Spanish melodies; Miss Deacon, of the Colville Folly Troupe, a lady who has made a pleasing impression in every city and town where the troupe has appeared during its extended tour through the country; and Miss F. Johnson, English burlesque artist, who is admitted to give promise of proving one of the future celebrities of the burlesque stage, as she is certainly one of the most attractive ladies who now grace it.

THE THEATRES.

ABERLE'S TIVOLI.—The usual diversified entertainment agreeable to the varied tastes of its peculiar patrons.

TONY PASTOR'S.—Gus Williams, the immense, the genial Tony in his inimitable songs, Miss Jennie Hughes, the charming vocalist and brilliant character artist, and a host of other talent contribute to make up a programme of the utmost variety and attractiveness.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—Harrigan and Hart's richly humorous comic drama of "Our Law Makers" is the latest sensation in this temple of fun, and is supplemented by several other choice bits in the same vein, rendered as only this truly artistic pair can render them.

FIFTH AVENUE.—Mr. Booth's engagement has been as brilliant as it always is in this city, where his admirers are legion. He is playing a round of his favorite characters to audiences whose size, quality and enthusiasm have never been surpassed in any American theatre.

WALLACK'S.—This choice abode of elegant comedy is always crowded. With such sterling plays as are always presented and a company of such exceptional talent to present them, the fact is not a matter for wonder as long as a taste for really artistic acting remains among theatre goers.

OBERLIN OVERWHELMED.

The Model Pious Village of Christendom and Its Model System of Teaching the Young Idea

RECEIVE A RUDE SHOCK

By the Astonishing Revelation of Extremely Naughty Doings, on the Quiet, on the Part of the

EMBRYO SAINTS AND SAINTESSSES.

(Subject of Illustration.)

OBERLIN, Ohio, November 8.—This village for the past few days has been agog with a sensation of the most extraordinary character when the town's national reputation for piety is taken into account, and the souls of the inhabitants and of the Faculty and students of the college have been literally torn up by the events that one short week has developed. Two lady students and four gentlemen, just in their green and salad days, have been expelled from Oberlin College for offenses of a most scandalous nature. In order to understand the gravity of the misdemeanors and their unique character, it will be necessary to remember that Oberlin is no ordinary village. It has ever been the aim of the authorities here to cultivate an atmosphere of chastity. Here are no gilded palaces of sin to tempt the rural Talmage. Liquor is a proscribed article, and the unwary drummer who seeks it by the back door of a drug store places himself in danger of being mobbed. An unfortunate stranger who attempted last spring to start a billiard room was prayed out of town, although he proposed to sell no liquors. A pack of cards is

A CURIOSITY TO THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Every Thursday evening at six o'clock the merchants close their places of business and attend prayer meeting. In the College—and the village and the College sustain to each other the relation of Siamese twins—this high pressure of piety is also maintained, and the Faculty, in their annual catalogue, call with pride the attention of Christian gentlemen to these advantages. The earliest scandal of which the village has any record occurred in 1860, when Artemus Ward discovered an Oberlin Professor at a horse-race in Cleveland. He detected him by his green goggles and the fact that he swore when he found that his pool ticket was no good. The offense has never been repeated, that is, no Professor has since been detected.

A vicious student from Cincinnati, who started a story some years ago that he saw a eucbre deck fall out of a Professor's pocket at prayer, was promptly and unanimously expelled.

With a few awful examples like these before them, the students have learned to be both discreet and orderly to all outward appearances, and the "midnight tolling of the chapel bell," surreptitious blowing of class-horns are only fictions to the average Oberlin College boy. The wickedness, however, which might have found vent in such innocent recreations seemed, from these recent developments, to have sought an outlet by

LESS REPUTABLE CHANNELS.

Among the many strict rules adopted by a Faculty which believes in making a merciless war upon tobacco chewing and smoking is one which compelled students to be in their rooms every night by ten and ladies by half-past seven o'clock. Every two weeks each student is required to make a report of his failures to observe this rule, and in several instances where the boys have forgotten to thus report they have been confronted by their cruel-hearted landladies, who too often seem to be in league with the Faculty. It is even asserted that the landladies and the Faculty have meetings at stated intervals for mutual consultation on this point.

But some of the students learned to outwit even these officious providers of virtuous and lodging, and it is the discovery of this that has caused the present excitement. The particular cases that came to light are, of course, but an index to a widespread system of evasion of the above rule. It has been the habit of several ladies and a number of gentlemen to remain quietly in their rooms until ten o'clock, and then to sally forth in various kinds of adventure, the proprietors of the house being presumably asleep and the chances of detection small. Among those who became accustomed to this sort of thing was a young lady of Michigan, and another of Mansfield, both of whom were regarded as among the prettiest girls in the college. Each of these had two admirers—two young men of Oberlin, and one from Meriden, Ill., and another of Sandusky. For several weeks these ladies alternately smiled upon one or the other of these gentlemen, and a moonlight stroll on one night was supplemented by a

STARLIGHT RAMBLE ON THE NEXT.

In some way, it is said, the suspicions of Madame Johnson, one of the members of the Faculty who has charge of the ladies' department, became aroused, and an investigation was set on foot.

This, however, was anticipated by the Michigan girl, who, on last Saturday, went to Mrs. Johnson and made this shocking confession. She said that for some time past she and the Mansfield miss had been in the habit of taking walks at night, and that a few evenings before they had gone into an unoccupied house on West Lorain street in company with two of the young men. She and one of the boys went into one room, while her companion occupied another with the other. She then went on with sobs and tears to relate how her escort had succeeded in accomplishing her ruin. The other, however, was unsuccessful with the other young lady. When she returned to her room she felt such deep remorse for having yielded to temptation, and became so alarmed for her safety, that she sought the sympathy and counsel of her room-mate. The latter advised her to go at once to her sister at Ridgeville and there confess everything to her. She had some difficulty in obtaining permission to leave, but finally succeeded in getting away. At Ridgeville she told her sister the story, and the latter instructed her to return at once and confess it.

Armed with this information, and enjoining secrecy on the unfortunate girl, Mrs. Johnson went before the Faculty, and at the meeting of that body the accused students were brought in singly and each was made to believe that all of

THEIR TRANSACTIONS WERE KNOWN.

They at once confessed not only to this offense, but to others, ranging over a period of several weeks. All six were promptly expelled. It was only a few weeks since that a young lady was expelled for simply being caught out walking with a gentleman after the regular hours. And it was supposed that this would be an example for others who might be similarly inclined.

Such a revelation as this has been an awful shock to this God-fearing, piety-loving community, and will be for weeks to come the principal subject of gossip.

The young lady's father came for her immediately upon hearing of the occurrence, and took her back home with him. The meeting of father and daughter, after such a misfortune, is described as a very sad one, indeed.

It is reported that the Faculty are making still further investigations, and that several other students will be expelled for the violation of the rule. So far this term twelve students have been expelled, four being expelled to-day for using tobacco. A new set of rules more stringent than ever is being drawn up, and among them it is said there will be one compelling students to be in at a much earlier hour than before. Whether they will go so far as to put them to bed after supper and lock them in has not yet been decided on.

A Negro Rape Fiend Lynched.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

CLARKSVILLE, Ark., November 9.—On the 4th inst., an atrocious outrage was committed upon a young white lady by a burly negro named Neely, about a mile and a half from this town.

As soon as the occurrence became known to the sheriff, he summoned a posse of our best young men and started in search of the villain, and in a few hours had him under arrest. The excitement became intense on Monday night, and threats of lynching was heard on every hand, and had it not been that Sheriff McConnell and the officers under him were firm in maintaining the law, the hangman would have been spared an unpleasant job, there and then. Things settled down quietly, apparently, for a while, but it was only a calm before the storm. At dusk Tuesday evening, squads of men, of all classes, were seen on the different corners in close converse. The sheriff and his guards felt the crisis was on hand, but armed with Needle guns and pistols, he determined to do his duty; but he had to do it with men equally determined to avenge the most heinous outrage that could be perpetrated against woman. At 7:35 o'clock, men were seen quietly entering the court-house, and in less time than it takes to write this sentence the sheriff was overpowered and bound, the guards disarmed, and the lifeless body of the ruffian left hanging to the limb of a tree, a horrifying evidence of what such ruffians may expect when they commit this crime in Johnson county.

The tree to which he was suspended stands on the bank of the Spadra river, about three hundred yards from the court-house. The lynchers numbered about five hundred men, of whom only the leaders, ten in number, were masked.

COLUMBUS, O., November 12.—Frank Hellman, a brakeman on the Piqua road, a resident of Bradford, while on his way home last night, in passing the penitentiary walls, was accosted by two strangers, who asked him the time of day. When he took out his watch one man grabbed at it while the other plunged a knife at him. Hellman jumped back in surprise, and the knife intended for his breast struck him below the stomach, making a very peculiar and dangerous wound. An ex-convict, who had just completed a term in the penitentiary, has been arrested and recognized as the man who did the cutting, and his associate is thought to be another convict, also just out of prison.

MINISTERIAL ECCENTRICITIES.

Kissing Proclivities of Rev. Mr. Beale. of the Methodist Church of Wallingford, Conn., a Supporter of the Rev. Hayden, and Decidedly a Fine Specimen of a Shepherd to be Entrusted with the Care of the Tender Lambs of the Flock.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., November 8.—"Yes I thought it rather odd he should kiss me; but he being so much older than I, and a minister, I guessed it was all right." Thus spake buxom Emily Andrews, of Wallingford, to a *Herald* representative recently. Tall for her age, free spoken, but not at all bold, of light complexion and pleasant manner, she made a very attractive picture as she stood in the low door-way of the house in which she lived as servant. The "he" mentioned by Miss Andrews was the Rev. Joseph H. Beale, pastor of the only Methodist church in Wallingford. Mr. Beale came very prominently to the front during the late tornado excitement, and made it his special labor to collect money from charitable visitors who flocked from far and near to visit the ruins of the terrible cyclone. Hat in hand he passed up and down the platform of the little depot in front of the crowded excursion trains, narrating the great disaster in graphic detail and making appeals for help for the surviving victims of the great storm. He collected many hundred dollars by his unceasing personal efforts. Mr. Beale was also very prominent at the trial in Madison of the Rev. H. H. Hayden for the murder of Mary E. Stannard. It is not over a dozen miles from Wallingford to Madison, and nearly every day of the trial Mr. Beale, sometimes accompanied by his wife would drive over. He was a firm believer in the innocence of

THE MADISON PASTOR.

In his own energetic way he denounced Mr. Hayden's so-called enemies. He knew Mr. Hayden in college at Middletown, where both were constant companions, and nothing could induce Mr. Beale to listen to a word against his brother pastor. Of late, however, Wallingford people have forgotten their great interest in Mr. Hayden's case, and now are kept very busy in taking sides for and against their own Methodist pastor. The charges have been hinted at in nearly every paper in the state.

Miss Andrews, who was first visited, answered without hesitation, that her pastor had kissed her last summer at the great Plainville camp meeting. The circumstances were these: One evening she and her sister Nellie sat together in a tent, such as those who went to spend "meeting week" usually occupied. Mr. Beale and a friend entered and chatted with the girls until a late hour. Both rose to go, but, after being absent a short time, the minister returned and kissed the sisters. To a question as to whether Miss Emily did not think the proceeding strange, she gave the answer quoted above.

Mary Pierce is also about nineteen years of age, and is a

HEALTHY, FUN-LOVING COUNTRY GIRL.

She was quite intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Beale. She used to keep house for her two brothers, the three occupying the half of the minister's residence. Miss Pierce, too, said Mr. Beale had kissed her a number of times, but in the presence of his wife—that is, as near as she could remember. She thought it nothing strange that this married man should kiss her, for she is a sister to Mrs. Beale. She said that Mr. Beale was a "splendid man," and could not think it possible he would act improper toward any one.

Mr. Joseph Brouson keeps a small carriage factory in the lower part of the town, and he stood in his shop in his working clothes. Bringing his huge fist down with a thump on his work-bench, he said: "I don't know of my own knowledge that Mr. Beale ever kissed my wife, but I do know he is an insinuating, oily fellow. I have every confidence in my wife, so I never asked her any questions; but I heard she did tell a friend of mine that he had kissed her. You see, when he came here two years ago we couldn't pay him much, so we all tried to make up for it by making it as pleasant as possible for him. I took him to my house, introduced him to my wife and left him alone with her. Then he got to coming quite frequently, and he used to bring over poetry he wrote and read it to her. She admired it, of course, and he got quite intimate and came and went at will. But soon I got to dislike him, he was so 'soft,' and I tell you

"HE DON'T COME TO MY HOUSE NOW."

S. Hawxhurst might be said to have founded the Methodist Church in Wallingford. He brought preachers from Brooklyn and New York at his own expense, and spared neither time nor money to build up the church he loved. He is a saddlery and harness manufacturer, and does apparently a thriving business. His wife is a fine looking lady and of most engaging manners. Mr. Hawxhurst would not at first say anything against his pastor, but on repeating the street rumors to him he finally admitted that his wife had averred to him that Mr. Beale had kissed her and made improper advances to her. "It is understood she drew up and signed a paper containing her statement of the facts," said the reporter, "and I should like to see it." Mr. Haw-

xhurst replied, "She has not signed it yet," and then became dumb as an oyster, refusing to utter another word bearing on the case.

L. M. Hubbard is Wallingford's postmaster, but is better known as junior counsel for the defence in the famous Madison murder trial. Mr. Beale saw fit to ask a trial that the many charges against him might be examined into. Presiding Elder Hill accordingly summoned the Revs. J. B. Merwin, R. H. Loomis, A. A. Mead, George P. Main, Charles S. Wing, B. M. Adams, and I. J. Lansing, Methodist preachers in this district, as a committee of investigation. The Rev. Dr. Dean presented the case against Mr. Beale and Mr. Hubbard defended. The investigation was

CONDUCTED WITH CLOSED DOORS.

All that has been officially announced is the following, signed by the Presiding Elder and the seven members of the committee:

We, the undersigned, members of the committee of investigation concerning the charge of immorality against the Rev. J. H. Beale, after careful hearing of all the evidence and due consideration of the same, do find that he is not guilty.

Mr. Hubbard said that the minister was shown at the trial to have been the victim of a plot. Mr. Hawxhurst and a few others became "disgruntled" some time ago because they could not run the church as they wished. They withdrew and then began to circulate these malicious stories. Yes, Mrs. Hawxhurst was before the committee and she made a very poor showing, contradicting herself on every hand. For instance, she said that last January she was at Mr. Beale's house during the absence of his wife and he sent the domestic out that he might make

IMPROPER ADVANCES TO THE WITNESS.

Mr. Hubbard said that this story was at once disproved, for Mrs. Beale testified that she was sick abed all that month, and the girl domestic was positive that Mr. Beale had not sent her out about that time on any pretended errand as alleged. (This domestic was Nellie Andrews, who, Emily Andrews, her sister, said, was kissed at camp meetings by Mr. Beale.) Mr. Hubbard said, in conclusion, that the kissing question was not gone into by the committee, as it was thought to be too silly.

All that Mr. Beale would say with respect to the charges against him was that he "was ready to meet his accusers at any tribunal this side of judgment." When talking he differed greatly from his esteemed friend, Mr. Hayden, in that he grew very nervous, and after contradicting the statement that he had kissed Emily Andrews refused to stand by his contradiction, but fell back upon his general denial, although he denied improper advances or proposals to any one, and characterized the rumors against him as being instigated by malicious persons, former members of his church, who disliked him because he refused to let them "rule or ruin." The trial of Mr. Hawxhurst for slander, &c., is soon to take place before a church committee.

A Parisian Mystery.

A mysterious drama, said to have been enacted at Chatou, France, is now the talk of the town. It appears that the Procureur of the Republic at Versailles received the other day a letter from Paris, in which a M. R— stated that three days previously a young Polish gentleman named Renowitz had been killed by a woman at the bridge of Chatou. On the off-page of the letter was written, in a feminine hand:

I, the undersigned, certify that the facts stated are rigorously exact. Signed, B. De H—, Rue de —, Saint Germaine.

The names, for evident reasons, are not yet given. M. de Boyer, the substitute of the Procureur, and M. Lamoinet, Examining Judge, at once left for St. Germaine, and repaired to the house of Mlle. de H—, who lives there with her family. Mlle. de H— is described as young, elegant and good looking, but masculine and eccentric in her tastes. In answer to the questions put to her she related the alleged drama as follows:

"On Saturday last I received a letter signed R—. The writer said he was one of the best friends of a painter named Regalewski, who four years ago, killed himself out of love for me. R— said he desired to have some information concerning his deceased friend. I went to the rendezvous indicated, which was on the banks of the Seine at Chatou, where I met two gentlemen, one of them Monsieur R—, who began to insult and threaten me. Fearing to be attacked I took a revolver out of my pocket, which I always carry on me, and fired it. The companion of R— uttered a loud cry and fell to the ground. I then ran away and got home safe. On Monday I received another letter from R—, who summoned me to a rendezvous in the Galerie d'Orleans, at the Palais Royal, Paris. I went, and R— made me get into a cab and drove me to a house which I could not indicate. Arrived there, he told me that the friend I fired at was a young Pole, named Renowitz. Such, gentlemen, is the truth of the whole affair. Who R— and his friend Renowitz are I know not; I never saw them before the fatal day."

Mlle. de H— has been detained in custody. She is twenty-three years old. Her father is a Baron.

Governor Hampton's Unfortunate Hunt.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 8. Governor Hampton met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon, while out hunting deer, by which he had a leg broken just above the ankle. The Governor had agreed to meet some friends at a point about sixteen miles from Columbia for the purpose of driving deer, and when he reached the camp, about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, he found that the party had all gone on the hunt. Knowing the stands and where he was expected to join in the hunt, the Governor mounted a large mule which had been left at the camp and started to take his position a few hundred yards distant. As soon as he arrived at the place designated for him a deer came by in full chase, and Governor Hampton fired his gun, which frightened the mule. The mule broke, and Governor Hampton jumped off the animal to the ground. In the fall his leg was broken, as already stated. Both bones were broken and protruded through the flesh. It is a horrible wound, and will prove more serious on account of Governor Hampton's illness this fall, from which he has never fully recovered.

After the accident happened the Governor fired his gun many times and blew his horn frequently to get the assistance of his friends, but none of the gentlemen supposed that there was anything serious, thinking it was some one not belonging to their party, as they were not aware of the Governor's presence in the woods. After an hour or so one of his friends insisted on finding out what the matter was, and going in the direction of the firing, discovered the Governor prostrate on the ground, with his head against a tree and his hat thrown over the bleeding wound. Surgical aid was at once summoned from this city, and the Governor was brought here at a late hour last night. The accident was not known to the public until this morning, and great regret is expressed by every one, as serious results are feared on account of his age and recent sickness. The Governor is doing very well this morning, however, and has not lost his cheerfulness under the severe pain.

Hunting Deer With a Steamboat.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SEATTLE, W. T., October 22.—Yesterday while



GOVERNOR HAMPTON'S UNFORTUNATE HUNT—THE SOUTH CAROLINA EXECUTIVE MEETS WITH A SERIOUS MISHAP AT A DEER DRIVE, NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C.

on her down trip, some of the passengers on the Messenger saw a fine-looking deer swimming a short distance in advance of the boat. Capt. Parker thought a nice venison steak would be pretty good for supper, so he slacked the speed of the boat and commenced to shoot at the animal. Not hitting him in the first two or three shots, he concluded to have a small boat lowered and capture the animal alive. Before the skiff could be manned the deer swam close enough to the steamer to have a rope thrown over his horns and was soon drawn on board. He seemed to enjoy the ride hugely and he was the centre of attraction among the passengers for some time. Just before rounding Alki Point, Captain Parker had him killed and dressed, and the passen-

gers of the Messenger will smack their chops over nice, fat, juicy venison steaks for some days to come.

On Saturday night, 9th inst., at the Central depot, in Okaloosa, Iowa, A. E. Ankey shot Robert Lannigan, probably fatally. The parties were both bridge men working on the Central Railroad of Iowa, belonging to separate gangs of workmen, and, it appears, had an old grudge. As soon as Ankey shot he got on the passenger train standing at the depot and was carried to Marshalltown, where he was arrested, and brought to Okaloosa on the 11th, arraigned and his trial fixed for the 15th. In default of bail he was locked up in jail.

Fell Among Thieves.

On the 5th inst., Mr. Thomas Cope Budworth, a wholesale grocer of Harrisburg, Mich., came to this city to buy a stock of goods. He brought a large sum of money with him. He stopped at Page's Hotel, corner of Spring and West streets. At the hotel he was introduced to a Mr. McDonald, carpenter on board the steamship Nevada. On Thursday night following the two friends went out to see the night side of New York life.

Mr. Budworth, thinking it safest, took his money with him; inclosed in a large yellow envelope he had \$1,475, and in a smaller envelope he had \$190. These he put into an inner pocket.

Passing along Broadway the glittering lights of the "Arcadian" concert saloon attracted their attention. It was then about eleven o'clock. Mr. Budworth told the proprietor, Richard Campbell, that he had a large sum of money in his possession, requesting Campbell to put the money in his safe for him. Campbell replied that his money was as secure on his person as it would be in the safe while he was in his place. Mr. Budworth was introduced to a waiter-girl named Rose Douglas, and his friend, McDonald introduced to another girl. The four persons sat down to a table, where they drank four bottles of wine. Budworth then fell asleep. About 3:30 A.M., he was roused up by his friend, who said, "Wake up, you have been robbed." He felt for his package, but discovered it was gone. He requested Campbell to detain the girl while he went in search of an officer. While Budworth tried to find a policeman, Campbell secured a cab for the girls and had them driven home. At the station-house Budworth found the smaller envelope with \$190 in his pocket.

The next morning Rose Douglas and Richard Campbell were taken before Justice Kilbreth at the Tombs Court, where Mr. Budworth entered complaint against them. The Justice entered into an examination of the case and held the woman in \$1,500 and Campbell in \$1,000. James Warming of 22 Mulberry street, became Campbell's bondsman for the amount. The woman was locked up.

At San Antonio, Texas, on the 9th, Henry Johnson fatally stabbed Henry White. Both are negroes, and quarreled about election matters.

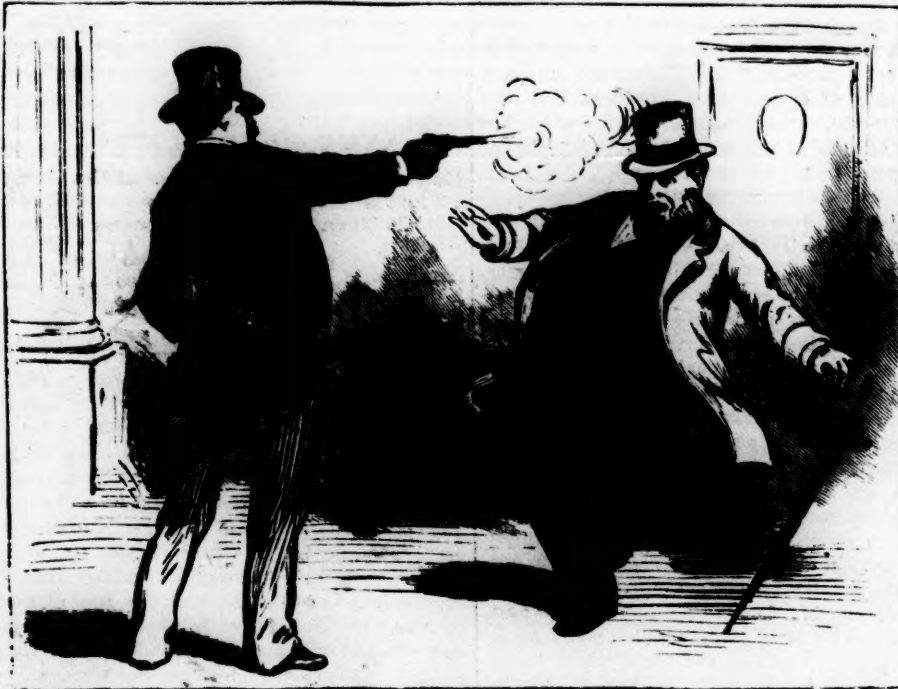


HUNTING DEER WITH A STEAMBOAT—CAPTAIN PARKER AND PASSENGERS ON THE "MESSENGER" PURSUE AND CAPTURE A FINE BUCK, NEAR SEATTLE, W. T.

A Waif of the Pestilence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sad story of the recent yellow fever scourge in the south has just come to light. One evening some two weeks since a well-dressed babe, about one year old, was left on the doorsteps of a well-to-do citizen, Mr. Newcomb, of Providence, R. I., who found it there upon answering a sharp ring at the door-bell. It has a tiny gold ring on its finger and a gold necklace with a gold dollar attached around its neck. By the side of the infant (a girl) was a complete outfit of richly trimmed clothes. A letter was also found, in which the heart-broken mother who had left it there stated that she had lost her father, mother, brother, husband and three children by yellow fever in New Orleans, and that she fled to Cairo to escape the plague, with her baby; that both were attacked with the fever in that place and recovered, though the writer felt as though she was losing her memory, and, no doubt, would soon be a raving maniac. It appeared she had known Mr. Newcomb and his family, and in the letter she stated that, fearing she would lose her identity, she had made up her mind to give them the babe, as she knew they would be good to it. She urged them not to look her up as she was going to New York on the midnight train, "there to die unknown." She signed herself Mrs. Josie Hall. Mr. Newcomb was greatly affected, for he had known the lady's family, who, he said, stood high in the south, Mrs. Hall being a beautiful and accomplished lady. A letter was received from her the following day, dated Providence,



JUDGE G. G. KIMBALL, FATALLY SHOT BY COUNTY ATTORNEY A. J. CLARK, IN A POLITICAL QUARREL, AT LITTLE FALLS, MINN.

will kill herself, and says that family trouble is the cause of her wish to die.

Fleedish Atrocity by a Negro.

[Subject of Illustration.]

St. Louis, Mo., November 9.—Outrageous assaults by negroes upon white girls and women have become so frequent in the western suburbs of the city as to occasion a high state of excitement and fear. Ladies and children hardly dare venture out on the public streets except where the houses are thick, in the day time, much less at night, for fear of these roving vagabonds. The latest outrage reached its culminating point of interest on Thursday night. Two young girls, Mary and Lizzie Violon, living on Prospect avenue and the Manchester road, were out in the vicinity of Forest Park, a few blocks from their home, on Wednesday, looking for persimmons. They had started home along the Clayton road, when a young negro man accosted them, and, learning what they were looking for, directed them across a lot to some trees, which, he told them, was a persimmon grove. The girls, one fourteen and the other ten, followed the direction. The negro reached the trees almost as soon as they did, and, drawing a pistol made them lie down out of sight of the road. He then ravished both of them, assaulting the elder three different times in appeasing his lecherous appetite. After detaining the children about an hour, and binding them by all sorts of oaths under threat of death not to reveal what had occurred, he let them go. He had extracted a promise that they would meet him on the following night in the Wesleyan Cemetery, close by their home, when he promised to bring them some persimmons. The children got home in a pitiable condition, but did not make known what had occurred until the next afternoon, when the elder girl met a policeman she knew and told the circumstances of the outrage. A plan was then formed to catch the negro. The policeman



RESCUE OF MISS JOSIE CLAIR, AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE, BY THE NOBLE DOG "SPOT," AT ST. LOUIS, MO.—SEE PAGE 13

she having written it before leaving the city, which simply gave instructions for the care of her offspring.

Two days after the receipt of this letter a telegram was received by Mr. Newcomb from Boston stating that Mrs. Hall was in a dying condition at a hotel in that city. He immediately started for Boston and arrived in season to receive the dying woman's instructions. She begged him to be good to her child and to send her body to New Orleans for interment. She left some money to pay her funeral expenses and also some for the care of the child. The remains were forwarded to New Orleans.

A letter received from the latter city throws some additional light on the sad affair. Mrs. Hall, it appears, while deranged with grief, had fled from the city in her father's carriage, accompanied by the faithful coachman, and went to Cairo, where the coachman died. After her arrival there her uncle and aunt also died. She immediately left Cairo and fled North. The babe will be tenderly cared for, and the mother's instructions will be faithfully carried out.

A Wife's Suicidal Desperation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SAN JOSE, CAL., October 28.—This afternoon Mrs. John O'Brien of this city attempted to commit suicide by drowning. She lives on River street, on the banks of the Guadalupe River, and while walking with her husband she suddenly sprang into the water, which not being deep enough to cover her head, she lay down in it. Her husband tried to take her out, but she resisted, and it was only when help arrived that she was dragged out. She was taken to the City Prison, where she now is. She asserts that she

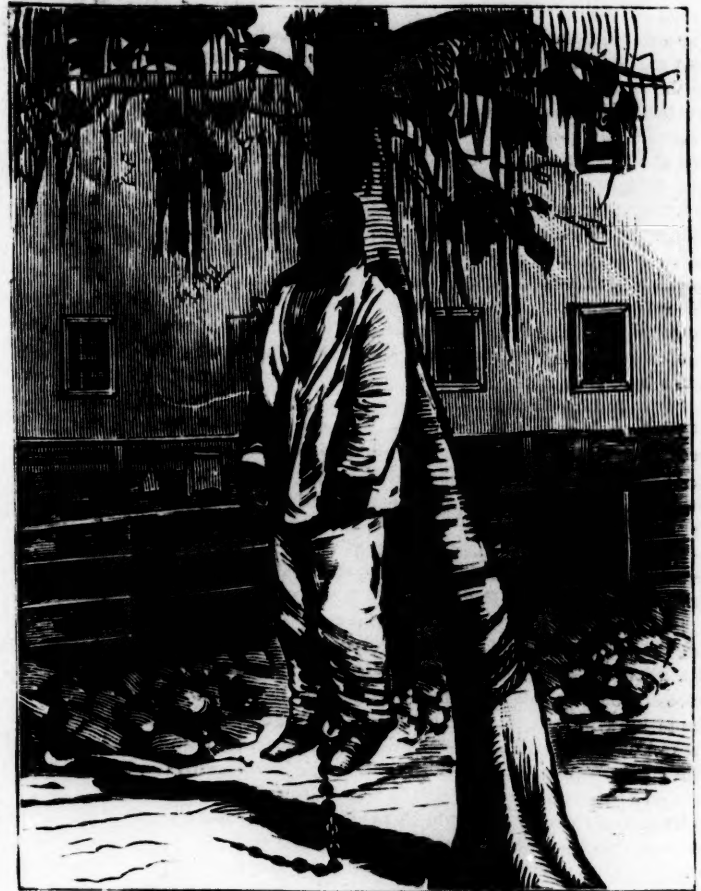


MRS. O'BRIEN'S DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT SELF-DESTRUCTION, IN THE PRESENCE OF HER HUSBAND, AT SAN JOSE, CAL.

concealed himself in citizen's dress, close by the cemetery, and the girl went to the appointed place, under instructions to give information by gesture as soon as she saw the negro. She did as directed, and Officer Mehling ran into the cemetery. The negro ran like a scared deer, and the officer pursued hotly, firing his revolver whenever he could get the range so as not to endanger the lives of people on the street. The fourth bullet struck the fugitive in the small of the back, and passed through the body. He dropped, but was not killed outright. An ambulance conveyed his writhing form away to the city hospital, just as the aroused citizens were beginning to assemble and talk of making a rope finish the bullet's mark. The wounded scoundrel was identified as Chas. Smith. He is very black and repulsive-looking.

A Desperado's Fearful Death.

AUGUSTA, Ga., November 11.—Peter Frohman, the Beaufort, S. C., murderer, who was recently brought from England under the extradition treaty, was run over and killed by a railroad train at this place on Saturday night while attempting to escape from Sheriff Wilson, of South Carolina, who had brought him back from England. Frohman's crime was the murder in June at Beaufort, of F. W. Duncan, who was his partner in a flat-boat. A few days before the murder Frohman and Duncan quarreled over a roulette table on the boat, and Frohman beat Duncan severely. Duncan had a warrant issued against Frohman and accompanied the officer



LYNCHING OF NEELY, A BRUTAL NEGRO RAVISHER, AT CLARKSVILLE, ARK.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE BY C. C. COOK.—SEE PAGE 3

who, on the 25th of June, went to execute it. When the officer attempted to serve the process Frohman attacked him with a belaying pin and knocked him down and beat him. Duncan seized Frohman, and they struggled some time; but Frohman, after beating Duncan until he was insensible, threw him overboard. Duncan's body was not recovered for some time. Frohman fled to New Orleans and shipped on the sailing vessel Cromdunkin, bound for London. Sheriff Wilson arrived in New Orleans just after the vessel cleared and took the next steamer for Europe. When the Cromdunkin dropped anchor in the Thames at Gravesend Wilson boarded her. Almost the first person he saw was Frohman, who, suspecting the sheriff's errand, jumped into the river, but was caught by some boatmen, and taken to the Bow street station and held under the extradition treaty. While in prison awaiting the completion of the proceedings he succeeded in getting out of his cell, and was found on the roof of the prison preparing to lower himself into the street. In view of Frohman's desperate character, he was double-ironed and confined in a cabin during the trip across the ocean on the steamer Nevada, although he begged hard to be allowed to work about the steamer. He arrived in New York last Wednesday, and was at once taken South. He was a native of Holland, and thirty years of age.

The Judge's Fatal Quarrel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ST. PAUL, MINN., November 7.—At Little Falls, yesterday, A. J. Clark, County Attorney, ended an altercation about politics with G. G. Kimball, Probate Judge of Morrison County, by shooting him fatally.

ROMANCE OF A TRAMP.

How the Love Dream of a Young Couple was Overshadowed by a Terrible Crime of which

BOTH WERE CUILTLESS.

The Lover Becomes a Wanderer upon the Face of the Earth and at Last Meets his Sweetheart

UNDER STARTLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEBANON, Ohio, November 4.—A leading physician and surgeon of this place was visited a few nights since by a strangely excited old man, who requested his immediate attendance at a large and valuable farm residence, situated between Waynesville, Warren county, and Harveysburg. A correspondent was requested to bear him company on a journey which proved very full of startling revelations, which he details as follows:

The night was very bright; the old doctor's carriage bowed and rattled through small villages and past isolated little taverns lining the road. Directly ahead of us, and tearing on like mad, went another vehicle.

At last we drew up in front of a house that stood out boldly by the light of the moon. As the good old doctor and myself entered the hallway we encountered a wretched looking object in the shape of an old man. His appearance was frightful—his hair unkempt, his clothing disordered, and a wild light came from his eyes. We ascended a long pair of stairs, that creaked and shook as our feet came down upon the boards. Turning sharply to the right, the old man threw open the door of a room that seemed to front upon the garden immediately in front of the house. It was a large, old-fashioned room. Where the moonlight, shining through the branches of a gigantic old tree, crept in at an open window looking out upon the road, there was a bed, and

FROM THIS BED ISSUED GROANS.

By the side of the bed knelt a woman, who proved to be young and handsome. The doctor moved quietly toward the bed, while the old man and I stopped in the background. As soon as the door was closed the old man sank down to the floor, and letting his head drop down between his knees, he was as silent as ever was the Lone Fisherman in "Evangeline." I went to the bed and looked upon the face of a man who might have been anywhere between twenty-eight and thirty-two years of age. Across his face were the bloody marks of cruel blows, and into the pillows and sheets the crimson fluid had soaked until the sight was sickening to behold. The young woman who knelt by the man's bedside was the old farmer's daughter, and seemed to be giving the doctor trouble, as he wished her to leave the room, and she did not want to go. The physician attended as best he could the wounded man, but the presence of the girl seemed to agitate the patient, and it was not until the doctor used many arguments that she agreed to quit the room, even for a short time. I assisted my friend after the departure of the strange girl, until looking out of the window I noticed her pacing up and down the walk, in the moonlight. The doctor instructed me that I had better keep an eye to her, so I made my way to the front door, and stood directly before the girl as she paced up to where I was. By walking with her, putting in a word here and there, and letting her do nearly all the talking, I got from her

THE FOLLOWING STRANGE STORY:

What she said was uttered in fragmentary parts and in a disconnected manner. A Dickens could scarcely do justice to that wild manner, those swiftly uttered words, that frenzy of despair at times and again that joyousness of hope. They had lived before coming to Ohio at Westchester, Pa. Her mother had died many years ago, and an aunt had lived with her father and herself up to the time of their removal to Ohio. The aunt had refused to accompany them to the west. There had always been insanity in their family. She remembered to have seen this aunt on her father's side acting as would a mad dog, foaming at the mouth, barking, &c. As the young woman proceeded at last to speak of herself and a lover her voice became subdued; she took hold of my arm, and looking squarely into my face, enunciated every word with much clearness. She had loved a young man who lived at Wilmington, Del., and who loved her in return. Her father and her aunt were willing that these young people should love each other, and they would long ago have been married and happy had not something terrible happened. The young man whom she loved was related to a man named William Udderzook, and William Udderzook was hanged at Westchester for the murder of a man named Goss. It was a scheme to cheat the insurance companies. Goss' life was insured for a large amount, and it was pretended

by this man, Udderzook, that he (Goss) perished in the flames when the said Goss' house, close to Baltimore, Md., was burned. The fact was, as afterward revealed, that Udderzook procured the body of a dead man from New York and arranged to have this corpse found among the ruins of Goss' house, charred and altogether so disfigured by the fire that it was

NOT RECOGNIZABLE.

The insurance companies suspected foul play and got on the track of Udderzook. Udderzook and Goss had planned this little affair, and Goss, whose alleged body was found in the fire, was spirited away in the flesh to Pennsylvania by the ingenious Udderzook. But the insurance companies hesitated about paying the large amounts of money, and in the mean time Goss, who was a poor, half-witted sort of creature, was giving Udderzook trouble. He would not keep well in concealment, would show himself, talk, and attract suspicion. So Mr. Udderzook, becoming extremely uneasy, thought it would be well if he should conceal the smaller crime of attempting to defraud the insurance companies by committing the greater and blacker one of putting the troublesome Mr. Goss out of the way in earnest. So one day Udderzook presented himself up in Pennsylvania, and invited Goss to take a buggy ride. It was broad daylight, but Udderzook killed Goss in the buggy, and carrying the corpse to a wood near by, cut it up in pieces and buried it. This burial took place within a few miles of Westchester. Udderzook returned that evening to that beautiful little city alone.

The detectives had suspected that Mr. Goss in the flesh was hidden away somewhere within the knowledge of Udderzook, and so on this fatal trip to the Keystone State they had dogged him, and the flesh, all mutilated and cut to pieces, that Udderzook had buried, the detectives re-surrected, and Udderzook was

ARRESTED ON THE CHARGE OF MURDER.

He was tried, convicted and hung three or four years ago at Westchester, Pa.

When the father learned that he was a relative of the infamous Udderzook he forbade him to come to his house, or his daughter to have anything to do with him. Then commenced in the young woman the strange workings of the poisonous insane blood; then commenced in the young man, who had before borne an irreproachable character, a career of dissipation that led him gradually downward. The old man, seeing that his daughter was on the verge of plunging into that terrible abyss where reason is lost, and there is no light but the darkness of insanity, determined to divert her mind, if possible, from her trouble. So the Pennsylvania home was disposed of and the settlement in Ohio made. He has some relatives who had preceded him to Warren county, so he came to this section. After time had worn the sharp edge somewhat off her troubles the young woman improved slightly, but the recurrence of the old gentleman's attacks were more frequent. From the time she had left Pennsylvania she had not heard from her lover, and although she might have had a score of the stalwart sons of the county of General Durbin Ward at her feet, she paid no attention to them.

On Friday afternoon, when she opened the kitchen door to a knock, she stood before a man who resembled the genus tramp. There was an instant recognition;

SHE FELL INTO THE ARMS OF THE TRAMP.

It was her Wilmington lover. It is a wonder that her reason did not then desert her, but it did not, and she was soon listening to the story of his ups and downs, and he had had more of the latter than the former. He was wholly reduced; had been to the diamond fields of South Africa, soon after they had been denied each other's company, frankly owned that he had been dissipated, and, returning, found himself without friends, money, or home. So he joined the band whose name is legion, and whose other name is tramp, and had been "doing" Ohio. Some Providence had led him to that house. Long these two happy people—one cleanly and neatly dressed, the other dingy and dirty, forgetting everything in their happiness, but that they looked into each other's eyes—sat and talked. The tramp forgot to beg the meal he had desired when he approached the house; the young woman saw not his filth and rags. After a time the old man came in. When the woman told me this part of the history she became greatly excited, and was almost unintelligible. There had been

A DREADFUL SCENE.

The young man, either because he was too weak to defend himself, or because he was too manly and chivalrous to strike an old man, made no resistance, and during the time that the mad, demented and insane spell was on the infuriated and crazed old being, he had nearly beaten to death this stranger in whom he recognized the abhorred young man who was related to the felon Udderzook. The daughter became insensible. The old man, it is supposed, when he had finished his awful work, and the demon of insanity had somewhat left him, in a fit of remorse went to the doctor. He is now insane. The physician has very slight hopes of him. The daughter will most probably recover. I remained at the awful house during a great por-

tion of the next day. The young man, in the afternoon, was able to make signs, and when I asked him all about the story the girl told me, and whether or not it was true, he nodded his head in the affirmative.

THE ROAD AGENTS.

Capture of the Ringleader of the Gang That Robbed the Cheyenne and Black Hills Treasure Coach.

The robbery of the Cheyenne and Black Hills treasure coach, of nearly \$30,000, at Canon Springs, September 30, is still fresh in the minds of the public.

Several suspected parties were arrested by the stage company officers and a Government detective and these prisoners "gave away" the names of the men engaged in the robbery, or at least pretended to do so, but as it has since been proved they gave the wrong names. The capture of Douglas Goodale, at Atlantic, Iowa—who, by the way escaped from a Union Pacific train as he was being taken west by an officer—was an accident, as the officers were looking for another party, but the arrest of Goodale, who was one of the robbers, furnished a clue to Leech, the young man who trailed the gang who committed the Union Pacific express robbery at Big Springs.

Leech, it seems, had been employed by the stage company to assist in working up the case. He found out that among the chums of Goodale in the Black Hills was a young man named Albert Speers, who had formerly worked in the bridge gang of the Union Pacific at Medicine Bow. Speers left Medicine Bow two years ago, and went to the Black Hills. Leech learned that Speers had proposed to a certain man to come to the railroad at Medicine Bow and rob the pay-car. This gave Leech a good insight into the true character of Speers, and he at once started out to hunt him up, and a few days afterward he obtained possession of a letter from Speers, dated Wood river, October 24, and directed to a friend at Medicine Bow, asking him to have his (Speers') trunk, which he had left at Laramie when he went to the Black Hills, sent to him at Wood river, saying that he had returned from the hills \$1,000 better off than when he went there, and that he was about to be married. Two months previous to this Speers was "dead broke," as learned by Leech, who, upon putting all these things together,

CONCLUDED TO ARREST HIM.

Obtaining the assistance of a young man named Howard Bleasdale, of Ogallala, he went to Wood river, arriving there October 31. Leech and Bleasdale then passed themselves off for tramps looking for a job to husk corn. They succeeded in learning that Speers was staying at the farmhouse of Mr. Joe Firman, and that Firman and Speers had gone to Grand Island on business. Leech and Bleasdale remained secreted in the bush on Wood river until they came home at 7:30 P. M.

After they had entered the house Leech and Bleasdale approached the dwelling, and Leech then opened the door and rushed in, pistol in hand, but unfortunately his companion who followed him accidentally let his revolver go off, which alarmed Speers, who ran into a bedroom, where his two revolvers and a Sharp's rifle were. Leech sprang after him, jumping over and knocking down the children, furniture, and the cooking-stove in his course. He got into the bedroom just as Speers had grabbed one of his weapons, but before he could raise it Leech covered him with his revolver, and asked him three times to throw up his hands. Speers seeing that Leech had him foul,

FINALLY SURRENDERED.

The house was searched, and four revolvers, one rifle, a set of valuable diamond jewelry, \$500 in greenbacks and several thousand dollars in gold dust were found.

Leech and Bleasdale proceeded at once to Cheyenne with their prisoner and the plunder. The diamonds were identified by the owners as having been shipped in the treasure-coach, and one revolver was identified as the property of Gale Hill, the wounded messenger.

After seeing that the proof against him was positive, the prisoner confessed, saying that he was the one who killed Campbell, the passenger on the ill-fated coach. Speers admitted that he was a partner of Goodale, whom he had left on Loup river, and who had gone east, while he had come south to Wood river.

Speers is a determined character, and parties who know him say that they did not think he could be taken alive. He was the brains of the robber gang—cunning, cool, desperate, and temperate. He was born in Gibson county, Indiana, and came west in the employ of the American Bridge company when they put up the new iron bridge at Dale creek. He said that Leech was in luck, for he would have shot him had not Leech got the drop on him.

STATE LINE, Ind., November 12.—At a dance at John Johnson's near Newtown, Fountain county, last night a difficulty arose between W. P. Woolen, Mathias McDaniel and Francis Gallimore in which Woolen was stabbed and died from the effects in a very short time. McDaniel has been arrested. Gallimore is still at large.

HUNTER'S DOOM.

Judge Woodhull Pronounces the Judgment That Consigns the Camden Assassin to the Gallows.

CAMDEN, N. J., November 11.—In the County Court of Oyer and Terminer on Saturday, Judge Woodhull presiding, the motion argued by Benjamin Hunter's new trial was denied.

As soon as Judge Woodhull announced his decision Prosecutor Jenkins arose and asked that Benjamin Hunter be brought into court, as he proposed to move the judgment of the Court on the conviction.

The sheriff's officers were at once directed to proceed up-stairs and bring the prisoner down. Hunter was up in his iron cage on the third floor of the court-house, where he has been confined so long. As soon as the officers appeared he knew that something was about to happen, but whether for good or evil was a mystery.

In a few minutes the prisoner, escorted by the officers, came into the court-room from the door leading from the witness-room, and as he entered there was a great hush.

Hunter was attired in high-colored pants, dark frock coat and vest and was withal neatly attired. His hair is becoming quite gray, but he appeared in good health. As he entered he had a kind of grim look over his countenance, but mounted the two steps leading to the platform quite eagerly. Perhaps he was not aware of

THE DREAD SENTENCE THAT WAS TO MEET HIM.

At all events, he shook hands with a couple of friends and then took a seat near the rail separating the officers of the court from the spectators.

Mr. Jenkins again arose and said: "May it please the Court, the records of this Court show that Benjamin Hunter, the prisoner at the bar, was convicted, on the 3rd day of July last, of murder in the first degree. It becomes my duty now to move the judgement of the court on that conviction."

After Mr. Jenkins had concluded, Mr. Robeson moved the Court for adjournment for the prisoner, *non absolute credidit*, that is that the prisoner do go thereof without day, notwithstanding the verdict against him. I do this because it is clearly established and ordered admitted in this case that though the fatal wound, by whomsoever inflicted, was stricken in New Jersey, the person stricken died out of the jurisdiction of this state, and in the state of Pennsylvania, and under the jurisdiction of her laws death must have resulted from the felonious wound to make the fact and crime of murder in the state and within the jurisdiction of this Court.

Judge Woodhull said in reply, that the motion presented the same reasons that had already been passed upon by the Court, and would, therefore, have to be denied.

Exceptions to the ruling were taken by the defendant's counsel, after which Judge Woodhull, in a voice almost choking with emotion, said:

"Prisoner at the bar, Benjamin Hunter, please stand up. [Hunter, who had been seated, arose.] You have been convicted of the wilful, deliberate and premeditated murder of John M. Armstrong. You have been convicted by the law, and by the law

"YOU MUST SUFFER DEATH."

Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not now be passed upon you?"

Hunter stood with his arms folded across his breast and replied: "I have nothing to add, except what has been said by my counsel."

Judge Woodhull then continuing said:

"Nothing then remains for me except to pronounce, in the name of this court, the dreadful sentence and judgment of this court, which is, that you, Benjamin Hunter, return to the prison from whence you came, and that you there remain until the tenth day of January next, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. From thence you shall be taken to the place of execution, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon, of the same day, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

Hunter received the death sentence in a stolid manner. There were no evidence of emotion, and not even a tremor was noticeable when the dread day was named. After the sentence had been passed the prisoner was removed to his cage. The case now goes before the Court of Errors and Appeals which meets on Tuesday week, and in case a new trial is refused, the sentence of death will be executed on the day named.

PORT WATNE, Ind., November 14.—Last Friday, Mary Daily, aged twenty-six years, was buried in Huntington without funeral or religious services. She was in good health the day previous and no cause was known for her death. She was a dwarf, and on account of her deformity had been cruelly treated by her father, step-mother and brothers and sisters, six in number. An investigation was made, showing that the girl had been literally beaten to death. Warrants were issued and the whole family arrested.

A DIVORCED DIVINE.

Such at Least Was the Role Which,
It Is Alleged, the Rev. James
Dixon, D.D., Tried To Assume

FOR A CARNAL PURPOSE,

Which Was Nothing Less Than the
Ruin of One of His Fair Young
Parishioners

BY MEANS OF A BOGUS MARRIAGE.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., November 8.—Society here is torn wide open over certain disclosures concerning the doings of the Rev. James Dixon, D.D. The reverend gentleman for the year past has been a very popular preacher in this city, having occupied the pulpit of the Centenary M. E. Church, the most fashionable church in the city. The air has been filled with rumors about his actions for more than a week, but there has been a strong effort made on the part of his friends, who are among the wealthiest and most influential people in the city, to suppress the facts. On the other hand, the matter has been taken charge of by well-known citizens, who have deemed it the proper thing to fully investigate the affair before making any specific charges.

The charges are that Dixon became enamored of Miss Lizzie Kopley, a member of Centenary Church, and a singer in the choir. She is a large, fine-looking woman, with raven locks and coal-black eyes. She is a very attractive person, and, it is said, in a measure reciprocated his affection; but, of course, this is surmise, as she does not say. During the month of August Dixon was granted a vacation and went to Chicago on a pleasure trip. He was gone but a short time and then returned and

RESUMED HIS CLERICAL DUTIES.

Nothing transpired for some months to disturb the atmosphere surrounding the preacher. Within the past week it has been charged that when he returned from Chicago he brought with him a document purporting to be a divorce from his present wife, and that he immediately began urging the young lady to marry him, but she held off, fearing that the divorce was not all right. In an interview with Annabel, a sister of Lizzie, yesterday afternoon, by a little urging she told the whole story.

She says that soon after his return from Chicago Mr. Dixon came to the house, and showing Miss Lizzie the document purporting to be a decree of divorce, urged her to go to Louisville with him and be married under an assumed name. She refused to do this, and inquired why it was necessary for him to be married under an assumed name if he were legally divorced, and he gave as his reason that he did not want to get it into the newspapers, as reporters were always around. She still refused to be married, but he left the document in the house, where it remained for several days, during which time Miss Kopley copied a part of it.

In this, which purported to be from a United States Court, it was decreed that said James Dixon was divorced from said Sarah Ann Dixon, unconditionally, except as to be after provided.

When asked what the "conditions hereinafter provided" referred to, which had not been copied by the young lady, she said that the conditions conferred upon Mrs. Dixon the custody of the children and the right to reclaim the household furniture. After this copy was taken the original document was returned to Mr. Dixon and has not since been seen the light.

The document on the face of it shows that it is fraudulent, as the United States Court certainly has

NO JURISDICTION IN SUCH CASES.

There is no such district as was named and no judge by the name appended. The young lady and friends of hers who saw the purported divorce said it was a printed blank in the regular form, with names, &c., filled in, and with a regular seal attached. The signatures were written in different hands, and it presented a very plausible appearance. The best legal talent in the city has been consulted by the friends of the young lady involved, and the attorneys say the document is fraudulent, and if Mr. Dixon had it in his possession, and showed it to the young ladies, it was with the intention of deceiving them. The family to which the young ladies belong is one of the best in the city, and the young ladies are highly esteemed. That they were in any way cognizant of any fraud or attempted fraud, no one believes, and their veracity is not doubted. The above statement of the young lady was made in the presence of two reliable witnesses.

Miss Lizzie Kopley corroborates everything contained in the statement made by her sister Annabel, so there can be no possible going back on it.

The girls also say that he tried to make them believe that his wife and daughter were cognizant of his divorce, and freely gave their con-

sent to it, but a more preposterous thing was never heard of. The lady says that he took the document from her house on September 14th. He claimed that his wife freely gave her consent to a separation, and that she was cold and distant and that there was no love between them.

When Miss Kopley asked why he still lived with his wife, if divorced, he said Mrs. Dixon was such an eminently Christian woman that she did not want him to go away, for appearance sake, and that he remained at the house simply as a boarder. The young lady further says that he took the document away at one time, avowedly to show his wife, and when she refused to be married under an assumed name he expressed a willingness to be married anywhere and under any name. She says she would never have disclosed these facts, as she respects the feelings of his family too highly, but the ladies were bound to do it

TO VINDICATE THEMSELVES.

Dr. Dixon denies in toto each and every allegation, protests his innocence, and says no such document ever was in existence, to his knowledge; that he never made application for a divorce, and never had any occasion to do so, as his marital relations for the past twenty years have been the most felicitous. He charges that the entire business is a scheme hatched up by some of the disaffected members of the Centenary Church to ruin him, and says he will have his revenge. He says it is a "miserable, damnable lie, that hell itself would blush to have anything to do with." He is announced to preach at Central Christian Chapel on Sunday morning, to give his reasons for leaving the Methodist Church, and is very anxious that no publication be made until after he is heard there. He charges Merritt Weir, banker, and Mr. M. Harley, postmaster, with malicious persecution; but these gentlemen disclaim any such intentions.

Public opinion as to his guilt or innocence of the charges is, of course, divided, but the majority of the people credit the story of Miss Kopley, who is a young lady of unimpeachable character. It is said that he has long been known to be a man a little too fond of the cup, and was once requested to use less beer by the members of his church, and he promised to quit. There are hints that there is something behind all this, and that more

DAMAGING FACTS WILL BE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

It is said that he has long been known to be too free in his conduct with the female portion of his congregation, and that his intercourse with some of them has not been marked with due regard for the proprieties of life; in fact, that his conduct has been different from that which should mark a clergyman's relations to his flock. These rumors first started during the last camp meeting, but he says that he never spoke a word, gave a look, or performed an act in the presence of anybody that he would not be willing the entire world should see. He is greatly disturbed by the reports, and does not want publicity, but the facts have long been known to reporters here, and have only been withheld until this time, to allow matters to be got into shape.

Dr. Dixon is a man of forty-five or fifty years of age. He is an Englishman by birth, and does not object to an occasional glass of 'al' and 'al'. He is about five feet eight inches in height, heavy set and with strongly-marked features, his face and expression indicating a strong will, determination and combativeness. At a first glance he would not be taken for a minister, and least of all for a Methodist preacher. His hair stands on end, being combed straight back from his high forehead, and the tufts of hair under his ears, extending down under his chin, give him a decidedly

PUGILISTIC APPEARANCE.

He is a man of great learning, and is the author of several works of fiction. Originally he was a Baptist preacher, but at the solicitation of his father-in-law, the Bishop of Canada, he embraced Methodism four years ago, but has never taken kindly to the itinerancy or Methodist discipline, and says, "The Bible is good enough for me."

He is the most cultured, forcible and eloquent pulpit orator that has been located in this city for many years, and during his stay has made many friends, but his pronounced views and strong feelings on all subjects have made him many enemies. His essays all display power and mental vigor. He is the father of a beautiful daughter, just blooming into womanhood, and the exposure is most keenly felt by herself and mother. The doctor left the Methodist church about two weeks ago and allied himself with the Campbellite Church, and was to have given his reasons for so doing at the Central Christian Chapel Sunday evening, but he failed to do so, being sick at the time. His change from one church to the other created quite a sensation in the city, but this latter business coming out right on the heels of his other act

HAS INCREASED THE WONDER.

He has been intending to go to England for a few weeks to transact some business of a private nature, and he expected to leave as soon as he could get a remittance from his uncle, but this

matter will, in all probability, either detain him here or expedite his leaving. He had arrangements to have his family remain here until June, though he expected to be away a greater part of the time, as it was understood that he was to preach to the Campbellite Church at Rushville.

At first he was disposed to treat the matter lightly, but when he found he could not do that, he claimed to be able to prove the groundlessness of the charge, and his many friends, as well as your correspondent, hope he may be able to do so. His attitude now is one of defiance.

Dixon claims to have a stock of letters in his possession which he will make public, and if he has to fall, the other side must crumble, too. There is great excitement in the city about the matter to-night.

EXCITING GALLOWES SCENE.

Something New, Lively and Effective in the Way of Hanging Matinee--A Condemned Negro Murderer Gets up a Rough and Tumble Fight with the Sheriff, on the Scaffold.

WARRENTON, N. C., November 8.—William Rainey, a negro tramp, was hung here to-day for the murder of a brother tramp last May. He had denied his guilt all along until yesterday, when he made a partial confession. About a week ago the condemned man was visited in his cell by Rev. Morris Morton, colored, to whom he declared that he was innocent, but that he was not ready to die by a large majority. The colored divine prayed with him, urged him to seek the Lord, but he remained unmoved. He said he had a presentiment or vision that he was not to be hung, and he didn't mind going to the penitentiary. In fact it would be a paradise for him. Yesterday Rainey said to an officer: "Of course I plead innocent. A man is a d—d fool to tell on himself. But suppose I did kill the man; I bet dey don't hang me." To the preacher Rainey remarked day before yesterday that sooner than be hung he would out his throat.

This morning William Jeffries, who was confined in the jail with Rainey, and who was sentenced to be hung to-day for rape, received a respite for thirty days. When the murderer saw that no such document came for him, he grew nervous, but he told the jailer that if he had to be hung

HE WOULD DIE GAME.

He asked for a cigar that he might take a smoke on the gallows. The cigar was brought to him just before the time for the rope performance, between twelve and one o'clock. He lighted it, and said that it smoked well. When the condemned man was led forth he seemed utterly indifferent. He was not handcuffed. He jumped on the scaffold with the agility of a circus actor. Rev. Morris Morton was present, but the saucy ones said he didn't want any services at his funeral.

The scaffold was in the jail yard, and only officers, reporters and a preacher, twelve in all, were admitted. Rainey spoke ten or fifteen minutes. He said that he was about to be murdered, because he was going to suffer death for a crime that was committed by another. In concluding his remarks he said: "Now, gentlemen, I've 'bout to kick de bucket against my will. I may go to de bottom kittle if dar is such a place; but I am rejoicing in dis consolation—dat if Satan gits me he will also and likewise git every one of you who see me die."

Turning to the sheriff, he said, "If you don't tie the rope right I'll knock you down." Then he and the sheriff got into a fuss, and finally came to blows. The

EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE.

Cries of "Help! help!" were sent up by the officers. Rainey struck the sheriff two severe blows in the face, and would have got away with him but for the assistance of parties who stood by. When they had overcome the negro they gave him a good beating, and then hurried up with the handcuffs and the noose. The drop fell at one o'clock. Just before Rainey was swung off he gave a terrible shriek, which could have been heard a half mile away. His neck was not broken, and he died a hard death by strangulation.

The story of the crime is as follows: William Rainey and John Taylor, his victim, were tramps, walking together on the country road not far from this place. They were seen on the morning of May 10th by several farmers. Mr. John Hallett saw them pass his house about noon together of that day, and in the afternoon of the same day he found Taylor's dead body lying in a fence corner near his house. A yellow dog which followed Taylor was also found dead by the side of its dead master. Constable Winfree was notified, and, summoning a jury, he held a coroner's inquest, when it was ascertained that the deceased came to his death by his throat being cut and his heart stabbed through with a dirk. Rainey was suspected, and that night was arrested by the officers. He was tried at the following term of the Criminal Court, and convicted on circumstantial evidence.

In the Superior Court, on the 14th, John A. Matthis obtained a decree of absolute divorce from his wife Lena; cause, adultery.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S SENTENCE.

The Female Member of the Fiendish Barking Firm of Bridgeport goes into Permanent Seclusion.

The trial of Lorena Elizabeth Alexander, at Bridgeport, Conn., charged with the murder of Frank Weinbecker, alias "Stuttering Jack," on the 12th of July last, ended on the 8th with a verdict of murder in the second degree and a sentence of imprisonment for life. Probably only the prisoner's sex saved her from the gallows. That a Connecticut jury would render a hanging verdict in the case of a woman was not to be expected, although on the first ballot taken in the jury-room, three of the twelve jurors cast their votes in favor of such a verdict. The second ballot found them unanimous for the verdict that meant imprisonment for life. Mrs. Alexander has saved her neck; whether Bassett will save his is extremely doubtful. As she was convicted without his evidence it will not be easy for him to escape conviction with the testimony of his accomplice against him, and in his case the jury may not be deterred by any sentimental scruples from calling it a case of murder in the first degree.

When Mrs. Alexander was brought into the court-room she looked

HAGGARD AND WOE-BEGONE.

The easy complacency which marked her demeanor during the first part of the trial has not returned since she lost her composure under the cross-questioning of the State Attorney. She probably realized that she had seriously damaged her own case by going upon the stand, and undoubtedly saw in the countenances of the jury a hard and settled expression that boded her cause no good. Sinking into a chair, she settled down into an attitude of moody dejection, with her head sunk upon her breast and her eyes downcast. She retained her passively despairing mien and attitude until her counsel depicted the hardships and sorrows that had been her lot through life, and then she gave way to tears. She cried frequently after her first display of emotion, and her mother, who sat beside her, kept her tearful companionship. Bassett, for the first time during the trial, was not in the court-room. Mr. Curtis Thompson, her counsel, made a strong appeal for sympathy towards the miserable woman.

Judge Beardsley began his charge to the jury after the recess, occupying an hour in its delivery. It was fair and impartial. He charged that if she handed Bassett the chloroform, knowing his murderous purpose, she was guilty of murder. It was regarded by lawyers as a strong charge

FOR MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE.

The jury withdrew at 3 o'clock, returning with the verdict after fifty minutes of deliberation. The jurors answered to the roll-call according to the usual form, and then the foreman was told to look upon the prisoner, and the prisoner to look upon the jury. Calmly, but with an appealing look in her eyes, Mrs. Alexander rose and faced the foreman.

"What say you, gentlemen?" said the clerk. "Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

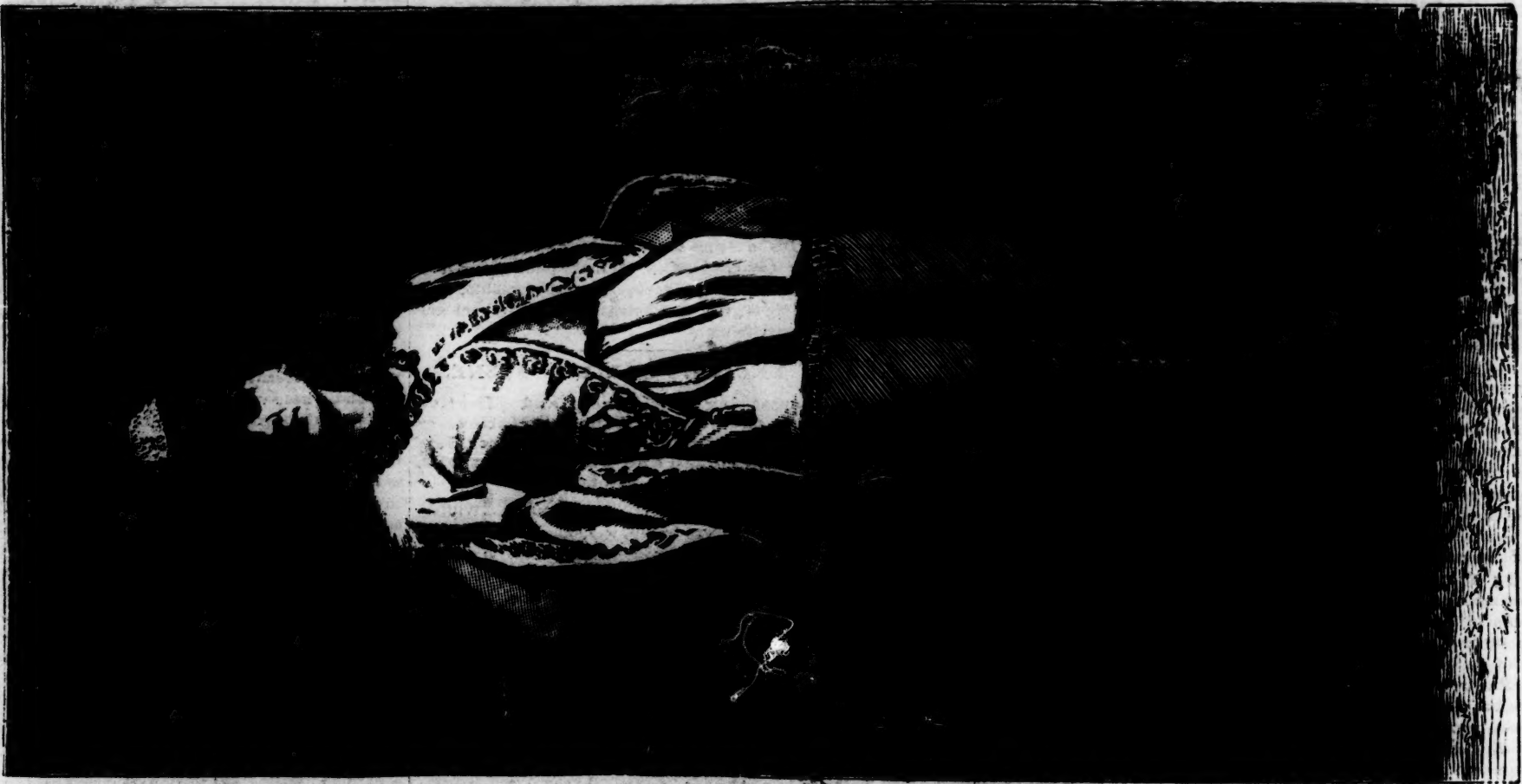
"Guilty of murder in the second degree," was the response. Bursting into a flood of tears—the first time that she was completely broken down during the trial—Mrs. Alexander sank back in her chair and sobbed despairingly.

In accordance with the request of the State Attorney, Judge Martin then proceeded to pronounce sentence. While he was addressing her she kept her face buried in her handkerchief, and gave vent to her despair in broken sobs. In passing sentence the Judge made a brief but eloquent and affecting address which evidently keenly touched the hardened sensibilities of the prisoner. He closed by passing the sentence of law that the prisoner, Lorena Alexander be imprisoned in the Connecticut state prison during her natural life.

Mrs. Alexander was still weeping when she passed out of the court-room. The State Attorney directed that she should not be removed to the state prison for the present, as she would be wanted to testify in the trial of Bassett. Her counsel gave notice that he should waive for a new trial within the ten days allowed for such a motion. That she will be granted a new trial, however, is not at all probable.

The result of this case makes the conviction of Bassett almost a certainty.

Captain Killilea, of the Thirty-third precinct, made an investigation into the circumstance reflecting upon a supposed officer of his precinct, narrated in our issue of last week, with a promptness and energy that does him credit. He was fully determined to make an example of the offender if he could be found. The parties making the complaint were, however, unable to identify the officer alluded to among Captain Killilea's men, and it is possible that, as the Captain insists, the drunken officer was attached to another precinct, though residing in Captain Killilea's, and was off duty and on his way home when encountered by the gentlemen making the complaint, as he knows of several officers of other precincts having their residence in his.



MISS F. JOHNSON, ENGLISH BURLESQUE ARTIST.



MISS DEACON, COLVILLE FOLLY TROUPE.



MISS HUGHES, IN SPANISH CHARACTER.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.--See Page 2.



A WAIF OF THE PESTILENCE—A STRICKEN SOUTHERN MOTHER, ALONE IN THE WORLD AND FEVER-SMITTEN, LEAVES HER BABE AT THE DOOR OF MR. NEWCOMB, IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.—SEE PAGE 5.



MRS. GEORGE W. WISEMAN ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT MISS MARY J. SNEAD, FOR CHARGING THE HUSBAND OF THE FORMER WITH HER SEDUCTION, VERONA, WIS.—SEE PAGE 12.



MRS. JAMES E. GETZ'S PLUCKY DEFENSE OF HER HUSBAND, DURING A STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE LATTER AND HIS WORKMEN, AND RAILROADERS RELATIVE TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SIDING BY THE READING COMPANY THROUGH GETZ'S MARBLE YARD, READING, PA.—SEE PAGE 12.

NOMICIDAL HORRORS.

Of Sufficient Number and Variety of
Atrocity to Enable the Craving
of the Most Exacting

TO FILL TO SATIETY.

A Sickening and Sanguinary Recital
of the Murderous Tendency of
Mankind, Which Should Afford

A FIELD FOR THE HUMANITARIAN.

SIX ESCAPES FROM THE GALLOWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., November 8.—Jeff Davis, the negro who was sentenced to be hung to-day for a double murder, was respited till the 30th of December. He was to have been hung last May, but has been reprieved six times.

THE MURDERED CHINAMAN.

QUINCY, Ill., November 11.—The trial of the two colored men, Thomas and Farmer, identified by the Chinaman as the murderers of his partner, was concluded yesterday. The Judge considered the evidence sufficient to commit them to await the action of the Grand Jury. This puts two different parties in jail to await trial for the same murder. As the Chinaman was already committed by the coroner's jury, it is doubtful if there can be a conviction now unless new and stronger evidence can be found.

A FRIGHTFUL CALIFORNIA TRAGEDY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10.—Mrs. Richards Barry, living in a lonely part of the city near the Macnic Cemetery, was found on the 7th, murdered in her home, her head being chopped to pieces with a hatchet. The object was evidently robbery, though but a few dollars were obtained. Footsteps were traced from the house to a tramp's camping-place, three-quarters of a mile distant. One man was found there who was looked up for examination, and last night Daniel Sullivan, an Irishman, sixty-three years of age, was arrested on suspicion. The evidence against him is almost conclusive.

A NEGRO AND HIS WIFE LYNNED.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., November 12.—A special despatch to the *Appeal* confirms the hanging of Floyd Smith and his wife Mariah (colored) by an armed mob of thirty or forty persons, on November 4, three miles southwest of Hernando, Miss. Both the victims had been arrested and lodged in jail at Hernando on the 30th of October, charged with murdering a little white girl, six years of age, which had been left in their care by its mother. A post-mortem examination of the child revealed the fact of its skull having been broken. Rumor gives as a reason for the murder of the child that the negroes were instigated by the mother of the child, who would inherit a large property estate on the death of her offspring.

A FRATRICIDE AND SUICIDE.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., November 11.—A terrible tragedy occurred at West Chenango, eight miles north of this city, at noon on Sunday last. Three brothers—James, David and John Taber—live together, own and manage a farm jointly. James and David have disagreed for some time about a division of the property. On Sunday David went to a barn where James was husking corn. The men quarreled and David, seizing a pitchfork, knocked James down and stabbed him in the chest fifteen or twenty times. He lived only a few minutes. David went to the woods and blew out his own brains with a shot-gun. Both were well-to-do and were middle aged. David leaves a wife and four children. James was unmarried. The coroner's jury found a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

BROTHERS AND SISTER TO BE HANGED.

SAVANNAH, Ga., November 9.—In Liberty county, Georgia, on the night of the 12th ult., one Sam Gauldin went to the house of Simon Osgood, who lives in Liberty county, to inquire about a debt which Gauldin owed Osgood, and which Osgood had given to a constable to collect. There was a dispute, and Simon Osgood, who is an old man, with three of his sons and a grown daughter, seized Gauldin and beat him terribly with sticks, fence rails, and a hoe. He died the next day. Two of the sons, Henry and Raymond, are grown men; the other, James, is a youth of thirteen years. The girl, Ellen, is about nineteen. Henry escaped, but all the other were arrested, and on Wednesday and Thursday were tried. The old man, Simon, was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary; Raymond and Ellen were convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged on Thursday, the 19th of December; and James, convicted of involuntary manslaughter, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

TRAGIC AND BLOODY AFFRAY.

ST. PAUL, Minn., November 8.—A despatch from Pembina, D. T., to the *Pioneer Press* says W. H. Anderson, the sheriff of Dallas, Texas who has been in pursuit of William Collins, one of the famous Bass band of train robbers of that

region, found his man in Pembina this evening and attempted to arrest him. Collins resisted and the men exchanged shots with fatal effect, both dropping dead in two minutes. Anderson lived in Dallas, Texas, where he leaves a wife and two children. He left them Tuesday week in pursuit of Collins, for whom there was a reward of \$2,500. He had been a deputy marshal nearly eight years, and was a brave, efficient officer. He went to Texas eight years ago from Abington, Knox county, Ill. Collins also resided near Dallas and was a brother of the notorious Joel and Henry Collins. Both were killed while resisting arrest for highway robbery. "He was thirty-six years old and has a wife and child with his parents in Erath county. He jumped his bond of \$14,000 soon after giving it and made for the Black Hills. He was one of the principals of the Bass gang, all of whom are now dead except Jackson."

MURDER BY A YOUNG DESPERADO.

GREENVILLE, Ill., November 11.—This usually quiet place is greatly excited over the murder of Clarence Clark, a youth of fifteen years, at the hands of William McNeil, aged seventeen. The particulars are about as follows: On the evening of the 6th young Clark and three children were riding near the depot when McNeil came up in the road, caught hold of the horse's bridle and said, "Your money or your life." After fruitless attempts to drive on, Clark struck McNeil with the whip. McNeil then stepped alongside of the buggy and slapped Clark several times in the face, knocking his hat into the road. At this Clark jumped out to get it, when McNeil rushed upon him, knocking him down and kicked him until he was senseless. He was taken home by some friends, but died in a few minutes. The post-mortem examination developed a rupture of the spleen and internal hemorrhage. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from internal hemorrhage, caused from kicking by William McNeil, who, upon hearing of the death of his victim, fled, and up to the present time his whereabouts are unknown. The authorities are making efforts to capture him. He is said to have an uncontrollable temper. Both parties are sons of wealthy and respected citizens, and Clark was a favorite among his companions.

A Noted Criminal's Career.

DATTON, Ohio, November 10.—John O'Connor, who became notorious in connection with the last Legislature of Ohio, was arrested in this city at a late hour last night on an United States warrant, charged with forgery. O'Connor was elected by the Legislature from the Soldiers' Home in this county. After the facts regarding his career as a housebreaker, ex-convict and bounty jumper had been made known he was forced to vacate his seat. He returned to the Home and was permitted to remain until the Board of Directors had taken action in his case. While at the home he had been acting as claim agent, and being suspected of fraudulent transactions a special detective was appointed to work up the case. It was discovered that his own pension was certified by the forgery of a surgeon's name, Dr. Leavitt, of Boston, the ostensible signer, denying that the signature was his. It is believed that other transactions of O'Connor as claim agent are also of a fraudulent character.

O'Connor received information that he would be arrested on this charge and left the home two weeks ago and could not be found. Yesterday it was ascertained that he was living on a retired street of this city, and the detective succeeded in making the arrest and placing O'Connor in jail.

The case is regarded as a strong one against him and likely to give him ten years in the penitentiary. Your correspondent visited him this morning at the jail, and in conversation O'Connor denied the charge, but said that the greatest difficulty of his position was that the agent who procured his pension has since died. He is a man not over thirty, of strong Irish features, natural wit and capacity, but of little education.

His career has been the most remarkable known in this part of the country. He entered the army at fourteen and became notorious as a bounty jumper. At the close of the war he became associated with a gang of thieves, and in blowing open a safe received wounds that marked him for life, and won for him the sobriquet of "Three Fingers Jack." Within the past ten years he has served three years in state penitentiary for highway robbery; has obtained admittance to the National Home by alleged forged papers; received a pension from the Government for injuries contracted while connected with a gang of thieves and by means of alleged forged certificates; has represented this state in the Legislature with attendant honors for part of a term, and has now a fair prospect of returning to the penitentiary for a still longer period.

A Business Woman.

OSHKOSH, Wis., November 12.—On Friday last Mrs. Carrie L. May, of Depere, disposed of a piece of property to a gentleman in this city, giving him a warranty deed. After the money and property had changed hands she went to Neenah where she disposed of the same property to another man. She is under arrest.

IMAGINARY BRAVES.

The Kind of Social Converse Indulged
in by Genial Old Age on the Frontier.

The Reno, Nev., *Gazette* tells the following characteristic story of life in the far west:

The fall fights being in fierce progress, the mind of a man is turned to pugilism: Quite a crowd of prominent citizens were comfortably gathered around the stove in a Commercial Row saloon last evening, and in the course of the general belligerent conversation—reminiscently belligerent, merely—a small tobacco dealer with a squeaky voice and weighing perhaps 150 pounds, spoke up: "I ain't no fightin' man," he admitted, graciously, "an' I don't blow about what I kin do in the way of hokin' and I ain't had a black eye since I left school. Once a six-footer that could have lifted me up with one hand came into the store an' called for a Bouquet Special an' then tried to hang me up for it. I told him it wouldn't do an' he begun to bluster an' call tough names. 'See here, my friend,' says I, 'fixin' my eye on him hard (I always do that when I have trouble with a man, and I tell you what, one of my looks usually fetches 'em), I says, 'See here, my friend, I don't want no foolishness. I don't know you an' you can't have no trust at this shop. You're a bilk, that's what you are.' Well, sir, he just reached over an' slapped my face. I don't know what happened for the next five minutes. When I do get mad my brain seems to whizz round an' I can't see. When I came to myself, I was out on the sidewalk on the top of that six-footer, and I'd beat his face till it

LOOKED LIKE A RAW BEEFSTEAK.

How I done it I don't know, for I don't pretend to be a fighter. It took five men to haul me off, and the six-footer was laid up in bed for six weeks. To avoid trouble, I paid the doctor's bill."

"I've often noticed the same thing with myself," said a consumptive dry goods man. "It's terrible to get into one of them rages. I've only been mad three or four times in my life, and then I foam at the mouth. Now, I'm not ashamed to say that I'm rather cowardly. Courage is a mere matter of nerves, but I've often wondered that I haven't killed somebody or done something awful in one of my rages. D'ye see this scar?—right over my eye here. Well, perhaps it's growed up, but it looked like a nigger minstrel's mouth once. I got that over in French Corral. I was keepin' a saloon there in '65 and done a big business. There was a fellow lived next door to me named Mulligan—Patey Mulligan, or Mike Mulligan, I don't remember which. Well, he was a pretty good fellow when he was sober, but a perfect terror when in liquor, and he had the name of being the toughest fighter in the Corral. I was always civil to him when I met him and when he came into the saloon, which he did pretty frequent. I ain't ashamed to say that I was afraid of Mulligan, for I wasn't a fighter then any more'n I am now, and if I had a good chance I'd

RATHER RUN THAN FIGHT ANY TIME.

But when I'm cornered—cornered close up, why then I'll sail in as any other man would, and when I do fight I fight to win, you bet your life. Well, one morning when I was settin' my bar to rights in comes Mulligan. He weighed about three times as much as I did, and the moment he come in I see he'd been on it all night, and wasn't feelin' in good humor. The first thing he done was to kick over three or four chairs and spit a mouthful of tobacco on the billiard table. I didn't say nothin', for he was a good customer and I didn't want no trouble. But when he up and with one good solid kick brought down the cue-rack I thought he'd gone far enough and I says to him: 'Mulligan, won't you have something to drink?' 'I don't care if I do,' says he, walking up to the bar. There was only two of us in the saloon, and it was too early for any body much on the streets. 'What'll you have?' says I. 'Gimme a cocktail,' says he, 'and be dam lively about it, too.' I thought that sein' it was my treat that this was pretty fresh, but I didn't say nothin', for I didn't want no trouble. I built him a big drink, and then, boys, what d'ye think the big husky did? Why he just took the whisky bottle out of my hand and takin' up the quid o' tobacco he'd laid down on the counter he began crammin' it with his finger down the neck of the bottle. Then I got mad and made a grab for my whisky and the brute struck me over the eye with it, makin' that scar.

THEN WE WENT AT IT.

I hit him with a walrus' tusk that hung by the bar mirror and he began gatherin' up the glasses, but I bust him on the head with a decanter. That floored him, and I just jumped over the counter and was givin' him the heel in his face when Constable Flanagan rushed in and dragged me off. Both of us were laid up for God knows how long, but we never had no more trouble."

"When I was a young feller over in Missouri," began a toothless old man, "I had one of the dearestest scrapes you ever hearn tell on. There was a feller that—"

At that moment a tremendous row on the street caused a general rush of the sanguinary

citizens to the door. A fight between two printers was in progress, and they stood round and enjoyed it till one of the types sat down on a rock and positively refused to fight any more. Then the citizens went back into a saloon, and told one another what desperate characters they were when they once got started.

An Aged Abortionist.

[With Portrait.]

In the city courts of Norwich, Conn., on the 8th inst., a preliminary examination was held in the case of Dr. L. L. Button, who is charged with malpractice. The case has created intense excitement on account of the social standing of the parties concerned, Dr. Button being one of the oldest physicians in Norwich, and a leading practitioner of the highest repute for years. The original charge of malpractice was in relation to Mrs. Albert Connell, a boarding-house keeper in the town of Ocum, near Norwich, upon whom the crime was alleged to have been committed some eight weeks ago. The revelation of the crime came about as follows:

On Saturday, 2nd inst., Detective Roath arrested George Walker and his wife at Lowell, Mass., on the charge of defrauding Mrs. Connell of an unpaid board-bill. Mrs. Walker, in revenge, communicated to the police that Dr. Button assisted in a malpractice upon Mrs. Connell while Mrs. Walker was a boarder at her house. Dr. Button was arrested Monday night, 4th inst., and Judge Kellogg held him in \$10,000 bonds. This was subsequently reduced to \$5,000, and at midnight the bond for his appearance on the 9th was signed. Walker and his wife were held as witnesses.

On the morning of the 9th the court-room was crowded with spectators, many of whom were friends of the accused. Prosecutor Ripley read to the court his indictment of Dr. Button in Mrs. Connell's case, and then, to the surprise of every one, said:

"Your Honor, since last Monday night, facts, undisputable facts, have come to our knowledge that Dr. Button is also guilty of another case more aggravated than the one previously recited and in which case death was the result, not only to the mother, but to the child." He then read an indictment charging him with abortion, resulting in death, upon the person of Mrs. Margaret Taylor, who died some months ago under suspicious circumstances.

Dr. Button, who is about seventy years old, took this sudden piece of news with considerable astonishment, and leaned upon his two canes for support, while his counsel gathered around him and held a whispered consultation. A low murmur of surprise ran through the court-room, and his friends were astonished at this intelligence of a man whom they had hitherto believed to be unjustly accused. As soon as the excitement subsided Dr. Button was put to plea. He was intensely excited. Having suffered for years from infirmities in his limbs, he was unable to rise to answer. He pleaded "not guilty." Mr. Parks, his counsel, requested an adjournment for one week, which was granted.

Mr. Ripley then moved that his bail-bond be increased, in view of an additional count being found against him, and suggested that \$15,000, considering the reliable evidence he had in his possession of Dr. Button's guilt of the latter crime, would be little enough. He assured Judge Kellogg that the evidence he held, according to the laws of the state, would convict the accused of murder in the first degree. The Judge decided that the sum was too great, considering the age and infirmities of Dr. Button, and decided to hold him in \$5,000, which was promptly given by Mr. W. H. Tabbs and Paul B. Greene.

Pierce J. Danfield, Alleged Defaulter.

[With Portrait.]

Pierce J. Danfield, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, is advertised as a defaulter and absconder by the serial book-house of Wm. D. Allen, 121 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, by whom he had been employed as a book deliverer for the last three or four years. He is alleged to have absconded on Wednesday, October 23, last, with a large amount of money, collected from Rochester, N. Y., where he had gone to make a delivery on a list of order. He is stated to have passed in some sections under the alias of D. J. Pierce, and is described as follows:

"Height, about five feet eleven inches; age, about twenty-four years; weight, about 145 pounds; light complexioned, with brown hair, wore a mustache and sometimes side whiskers of the same color; has large hands and square shoulders; uses chewing tobacco very freely."

The said house, Wm. D. Allen, solicit any information concerning Mr. Danfield or his whereabouts.

Another Ministerial Fraud.

CHARLESTON, Ill., November 13.—A great sensation was caused here to-day by the arrest of a professed Presbyterian minister named Walker, who has been preaching here as a returned missionary from China, India and Africa. A Terre Haute, Ind., official arrested him for swindling a widow there, while passing himself as Rev. Mr. Williams.

THE GREAT POISON SCANDAL

Another Startling Chapter in Norwich's Tragical Sensation of the Bishop-Cobb Crime.

THE MALE CRIMINAL

Confesses the Deed, But Claims to Have Been Merely the Tool of His Female Partner, and Details

THE HORRID STORY OF THE CRIME.

NEW LONDON, Conn., November 12.—The trial of Wesley W. Bishop and Mrs. Kate Cobb, jointly indicted for the murder of Bishop's wife in March last, and of Mrs. Cobb's husband, in June, now before the Superior Court in this city, attracted unusual attention on account of its many startling features, and especially the most remarkable confession of one of the alleged murderers while in jail awaiting trial. The deliberate plot which Wesley Bishop declares to have been concocted and patiently followed up by him and his alleged paramour to destroy his wife, and she her husband, to remove all obstacles to their intimacy, has few parallels in criminal history. The cold blooded cruelty with which they experimented on their victims is only matched by the sickening gush of their illicit love making, when they talked maudlin affection and murder in the same breath.

The circumstances of the double crime, with the portraits of the murderers and their victims, were detailed in the GAZETTE at the time of the preliminary examination. On the 30th of September Bishop

STARTLED NORWICH WITH A CONFESSION.

In this he admitted that both his wife and Collector Cobb were poisoned, but placed all the blame on Mrs. Cobb, who, he said, suggested both crimes, and carried them out, he only acting under her influence in procuring her the poison.

In this confession, which Bishop dictated in jail to three prominent citizens of Norwich, he admits the charges of illicit association with Mrs. Cobb, which he says commenced at a ball, over a year before the murder. He visited her frequently at her house, and several presents passed between them. He proceeds as follows:

"During the winter of 1877 and 1878, Charlie made a visit to Troy, on occasion of the marriage of his cousin, and wished to have Kate accompany him, but Kate told me she did not wish to go, and would not go with him. And that while Charlie was gone she desired me to come to the house nights, as I had been accustomed to visit the house evenings when Charlie was absent. Charlie was absent four nights, I was there with Kate each night.

"One night, while conversing, I asked Kate when all this was going to end. She replied, 'I don't know.' I asked her if she ever expected to be mine. She answered, 'I do.' I asked her how 'twas to be brought about. She said, 'I do not know.' I told her I did not know but one way, and that way by the parties obtaining a divorce, to which Kate replied, 'Hattie might get a divorce from you, but I could not from Charlie; I have no grounds.' I asked her if she could not conduct herself in such a way that Charlie would become dissatisfied with her and leave her. Kate replied, 'I don't believe that would work, for Charlie is so fond of me and the children that he would endure almost anything rather than consent to a separation.' An elopement was proposed, but it was quashed, as I had not the means to foot the bills. Kate said,

"THERE IS ONE MORE WAY."

I asked, 'What is that?' She replied, 'To bury those we now live with.' I asked her if she would be willing to bury Charlie for the sake of living with me. She replied, 'I will think of it and let you know to-morrow night.'

"During the following day I went to the house to deliver goods, as usual, and I asked Kate if she was ready to answer that question. She replied, 'I will let you know to-night as I agreed.' That evening I called, as we had agreed upon, and she told me she would rather bury Charles and live with me, and asked, 'How is it to be done? Don't you know something about poisons?' I told her I did, and named morphine, strychnine and arsenic. I told her the first two were rather bitter, and it might be rather difficult to administer it. Kate said, 'Couldn't I put some in his tea and sweeten it enough to destroy the bitter taste?' To which I replied, 'I doubt whether it could be done.' She said, 'I shall try it.'

"She asked me if I would get her some and let her try it, as if she bought it she would be more likely to be suspected than I would. I got this morphine for her at Shew's drug store, and she told me that she put it in his tea, but it was so bitter that he would not drink it. Then she told me that early in the spring or latter part of the winter Charles always took a portion of

physic, and asked me if I couldn't make some pills out of morphine and

GET HIM TO TAKE IT THAT WAY.

I got some morphine for this purpose at Dudley's, made the pills and gave them to her. She said he took them, but the effect was that they stirred him up, but did not make him sleepy. This was about the 1st of February, 1878.

"A short time before this, in speaking to me about Hattie's getting a divorce, Kate expressed a desire that we should bury both of them, giving as a reason that she shouldn't feel satisfied in having Hattie around where she should see her, and wanted to know what I thought of it. I told her that if I consulted my own feelings, I should rather that she should be buried, but thought it best to adhere to our original plan of divorce. After a good deal of persuasion I told her I would administer morphine to my wife. On the night of the 4th of February, 1878, my wife was taken sick, and the next morning I told Kate that she was sick, and, if she did not get better very soon, would have to have a doctor. I told her that Dr. Bailey was our physician, and that he frequently ordered medicine in powders. She says, 'Now is your time, and I wish Charlie would be sick some time, so that I should have equally as good a chance.'

Bishop promised Mrs. Cobb to administer morphine in place of the doctor's powders, but his heart failed him, he says, and

HE THREW THE POISON IN THE FIRE.

In a subsequent confession he states that Mrs. Cobb gave him some of the morphine he had given her for 'Charlie,' and he gave this to his wife. He says:

"She (Mrs. Cobb) told me that she had been to see Hattie; that when she left her house she took a part of the morphine which I had previously purchased for her to give to Charlie, thinking she might have a chance to give it to Hattie. She said, 'You remember I told you I would help you if I could. Hattie told me about the medicine, what it was and when it became due, and as good luck would have it, the powders were out in the kitchen. I gave her a powder at 7 o'clock, which was of the morphine which I brought from home. Now when you go home if that powder has not taken effect you can give another one.'

Mrs. Bishop died on the 7th. Mrs. Cobb then recommenced her experiments on her husband. She tried several things, but finally settled on arsenic, and plied him with this until he gave way. During all this time she met Bishop frequently and expressed the warmest affection for him. Bishop says in his confession:

"I told her one day that if she didn't kill Charlie it would me. She said she did not understand what the reason was that it did not have any effect. I again asked her if she had not better stop, telling her that I would go away, and that she would soon forget me, and the old affection for Charlie would return again. Kate says: 'If you want to kill me do so, for I cannot live without you.'

"YOU HAVE BECOME PART OF MY VERY LIFE."

I again asked her if it would not be best for me to go away and she stop trying to poison Charlie. She says, 'No, I have promised to be yours, and want to be, and shall be; only have faith in me and trust me a little longer. I will continue giving it to him until it has its effects if he is not poison-proof.' After he went to Dr. Paddock's, the Monday before he died, Charlie told me the next day what the doctor had ordered for him, among which was some strychnine. I told Kate if she wished to accomplish her purpose she could do it by adding a little extra strychnine to his medicine when she gave it to him. She said she had destroyed what she had, and wanted to know if I would get her some more. I went to Woodworth & Small's and got some more, giving part of it to Kate and using some of it at the store to poison rats. The next time I called at the house she gave me a note saying that she should use the strychnine.

"The next morning after Charles died I called at the house, and she gave me another note, saying that it was done. 'They are are going to make an examination, and the Lord only knows what the result will be.' With that note was the balance of the strychnine and arsenic that was left, saying, 'Keep these till all is over.'

Bishop made three confessions, all of which were duly witnessed. Mrs. Cobb, on being told their substance, denied all the charges of complicity in the poisoning, and has steadily maintained that she is innocent, and knows of no foul play.

A brutal and cowardly murder was committed in Chatham Square on the morning of the 14th, the victim being Peter Matthew Drake and the assassin, Angelo Spagnio, a peddler. Drake was born in Gibraltar and Spagnio in the Island of Malta. One Ramsay, a member of the Spanish colony to which the others belonged, having died recently, Drake endeavored to collect money to pay his funeral expenses. Spagnio refused to contribute. This led to an altercation and a fist fight between the two on the night of the 13th, in which Spagnio was worsted. The following morning he met Drake at Chatham and East Broadway and stabbed him in the back with a long, sharp-pointed knife. Drake died in two minutes.

A DEADLY DIVE.

Fearful Story Told by one of the Wretched Inmates of a Noted Cincinnati Den--How Men were Lured within its Fatal Walls, Drugged, Robbed, Murdered and Thrown into a Concealed Pit.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, November 11.—At 227 West Sixth street in this city is a disreputable dive kept by a woman named Hester Clark, alias Hattie Black. A few weeks since the landlady and all her "boarders" were arrested on suspicion of being accessory to the mysterious disappearance of a man named Curry, who was known to have entered the Clark house one morning between two and three o'clock, and who has never been heard of since. Nothing was proved against the inmates of the house, and in a day or two the prisoners were liberated. But again Hester and her girls are within the clutches of the law, the former at Hammond street, and the others at the Central Station. One of these girls, Jennie Stewart, was arrested on Saturday on complaint of a countryman, who accuses her of stealing \$23.50 from him during a visit which he made to the place. After her imprisonment this woman told a tale of horror which led to the arrest of the whole gang, including a little Italian boy, named Tony Spotts, who hangs around the house continually, and Hester Clark's "man," a handsome-faced, but disreputable, fellow named Frank Kress. Spotts is accused of stealing a revolver and other personal effects from the same "greener" (Joseph Cressay, of Warren county) whom the Stewart girl robbed.

This Jennie Stewart's real name is Ann Eliza Ewbanks, and her parents reside in Ludlow, Ky. She was placed in a "fly" cell last night, in which a reporter was taken by Captain Wapenstein, in order that he

COULD GET HER STORY.

The reporter being introduced to Jennie as "the Judge," and the prisoner being cautioned to tell nothing but the truth, she spoke as follows: "Judge, I hope I may drop off the witness-stand a corpse if I don't tell you the truth. I stole that man's money and I don't deny it, and I gave some of the money to Hester. She puts us girls up to robbing the men, and when one of us makes a good haul she takes most of the stuff and promises us a big hack-ride. Her orders are to the girls that when they get all the money a man has got to come down-stairs, to be ready for the next sucker."

"I have been in Hester's house for the last four years. About seven months ago a man who said his name was John Harrison, came to the house and went to the room of one of the girls we called 'Little Mattie,' a Jewess. As usual, Mattie left her man between one and two o'clock the next morning, and went down-stairs. I was in my room in the front of the second story, and about two o'clock in the morning I heard some one groaning as if in great distress. I left my bed and went to see what was up. I looked in Mattie's room and saw Hester and her 'man' Kress choking a man. They had him on the bed, and both of them had him by the neck. They killed him right there, and the ring that Kress had on his finger was pushed clear into the man's neck. Neither Hester nor Mr. Kress saw me, and didn't know that I was a witness to their murderous work. When the man was dead Hester threw a sheet over him and the two went down-stairs. After they left I went to him and found that he was cold and dead."

"What became of the remains?"

"Well, I suppose they buried him in the cellar or back yard. Maybe they chucked him in the vault, I don't know."

"Had he any money?"

"Yes; he had nearly \$400, a diamond pin and a ring or two."

"What kind of looking man was he?"

"He was a young fellow about twenty-four. He was tall, and had light curly hair, a little mustache and a goatee. Chief Ziegler has his picture. The police found it down there to-day when they searched the house, in the album. I described the man to the detectives before they found the picture, and I

"HAD HIS LOOKS DOWN FINE, YOU BET"

"Are you telling the truth, Jennie?" "I hope I may be paralyzed if I ain't telling you the truth. I am on the dead square, Judge, and I'll tell the same thing when you get me on the stand."

"That's not a very pleasant place, is it—down at Hester's?"

"Pleasant! It's the worst hole in the world. Hester beats us girls like sixty. There's Clara Johnson and Hattie Wall and Julia Maden—all of them have marks on them to show how she does her work. Hattie Wall has a cut in her head now that she got from Hester."

"Who is this Hester Clark, anyhow?"

"Well, she came from Pennsylvania first. That's her real name, but she is known, too, as Hattie Black. Her mother and two sisters are down at the house now."

"In the same business?"

"They say not; but I know one thing—one of the sisters was in a delicate condition when she came to the place about eleven months ago, and soon after she was as slim as a reed, and denied

that she had a child. None of us ever seen it, and I'd just like to know what became of it. There's always a lot of little Italian boys around the place, too. She keeps them there just to steal, nothing else."

On the strength of the above tale Chief Ziegler sent Captain Wapenstein and Detectives Mead, Murray and Amthauer, Kushman and several officers down to the vile den yesterday to search the place. The entire establishment was closely scrutinized and the vault was examined by a man hired for the purpose, but nothing was found that would lead to a corroboration of the girl's story about Harrison. Whether the story is made up by drawing on a lively imagination in order that she may get even with Hester Clark, whom she accuses with giving her away about the Cressay robbery, "Jennie" alone knows. In any event, the disreputable ranch should be broken up and the inmates given a long term in the work-house.

A DRAMATIC DEATH.

A Rejected Lover Shoots Himself in the Presence of the Cruel Fair One and two Other Ladies.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Victor Davis Carlton Butler shot himself in the head in the presence of three young ladies, at 201 Seventh avenue, on the afternoon of the 8th. He was about forty-three years of age. He had occupied his present quarters with the family of Mr. Samuel J. Clark for three months. Before that time he lived three years in an adjoining house. He was, therefore, well known in the neighborhood, not only for his agreeable manners, but for his weakness, which was drink. When not under the influence of liquor his conduct won him many friends, and among them were the members of Mr. Clark's family. He formed an attachment for the eldest of the three daughters of the family, and Mr. Clark not desiring the alliance had requested him to move. He was to have done so on the fatal day. The request was made several days ago. Butler seemed to consider his suit hopeless, and he drank. His conduct caused an altercation with his employer, Joseph Hayward, of 174 Fulton street, and he quit the store on Monday, 3rd inst. Since then he has been at home most of the time and under the influence of liquor. It is believed that he was crazy from

THE EFFECT OF LIQUOR.

He brooded over his troubles.

Butler was, so he said, born in Georgia, and his family was an excellent one. His mother left property in trust for him with a sister now living in Baltimore. The income, together with his salary, gave him sufficient means to live comfortably. His father, who moved from Virginia when his mother died, lives in Hartford, Conn., and is said to be wealthy. Twelve years ago, presumably on account of his habits, his wife was divorced from him, and since then he has been estranged from his family. His wife took with her their five children. The separation from them and his wife, whose whereabouts he never spoke of, was one of his greatest sorrows.

In the days of inebriety preceding his death he said that he had been married twice, and once he said three times. He continually recounted his past troubles and brooded over his disappointment. He threatened to shoot himself, or by some other means take his own life. He said on the afternoon of the act that he would never quit Mr. Clark's house, but would be taken from it a corpse. He begged them not to permit his body to be taken to the Potter's Field. The family, thinking from the openness with which he spoke of suicide, and also his pleasant manner during lucid periods, that he would not execute his threat,

MADE LIGHT OF IT TO HIM.

At about 5 P. M., Mrs. Clark and her three daughters were with him in his room. He began talking of killing himself. He desired to throw himself out of the window, said that he had taken Prussic acid, and at length took his revolver out of a bureau drawer and put it in his hip pocket. Then he sat down before the open fire, and became more quiet. Mrs. Clark then went out of the room. Gazing pensively into the fire, he started suddenly saying, "I see hell before me." He rose, moved toward the door, took the revolver from his pocket, and said: "It's no use; I'm going to commit suicide." Something in his tone convinced the young ladies that his threat was an earnest one. Instinctively the eldest and youngest fled past him and from the room. Before the other girl could, by voice or action, interfere, he threw himself upon his back on the bed and saying "God, forgive me!" pulled the trigger.

The bullet was nearly half an inch in diameter. It crushed through his head from near the right temple. A physician was quickly summoned, but the pulse had almost ceased to beat when he arrived. An officer was sent to keep watch until the coroner's permit should allow an undertaker to remove it. His father in Hartford was informed of the suicide. Miss Clark, to whom Butler was attached, is slightly crippled, and owing to the shock she was placed under a physician's care.

A Ghastly Suicidal Act.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, Ohio, November 6.—At 33 Elder street is a candy store kept by Mrs. Ritchie. She had living with her until yesterday noon her father, John M. Ubele, a carpenter. Ubele had been in business in New York city for twenty-nine years, and left there for Cincinnati one year ago. Shortly before he came west his wife (for what cause is not stated) committed suicide by hanging. This so preyed upon his mind that he abandoned his established business and came here, hoping to find mental relief. Last December his son-in-law, Charles Ritchie, was run over and killed by a Short Line train, near the stock yards. This, the second violent death in his family, was a crushing blow. He gave himself up to the use of intoxicating liquors. His widowed daughter struggled on in her efforts to obtain sustenance from the profits afforded by the little store. Added to her cares was that of watching over her father to keep him from drinking, or in his gloomy moods executing his oft-repeated threats of self-destruction. Yesterday at noon, after they had finished dinner, he went into the back room, and in less time than it takes to write it the daughter heard a sound as if the kitchen hydrant had been left running in the basin and its contents were slopping over. Hastening back she discovered her parent leaning partly over a table, with a gasp across the neck almost severing the head from the body, and the weapon with which the deed was done—a razor—lying on the floor. Kindly neighbors came to the assistance of the poor woman and afforded her such help as lay in their power. The deceased was fifty-three years old.

A Female on the War Path.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LA CROSSE, Wis., November 7.—The people of Verona were very much excited on Friday last by the report that Mrs. George W. Wiseman had attempted to shoot Mary J. Sneed in the store of Tollefson & Hagen. On investigation it was found that Miss Sneed had gone into the store to do some shopping and was followed by Mrs. Wiseman. Mrs. Wiseman walked by Miss Sneed and suddenly turned upon her and pointed a loaded revolver, the hammer of which was up, at the back of Miss Sneed's head, and remarked, "Now is the time to finish you, I will never have a better time for revenge." Miss Sneed quickly turned around and seeing the revolver within a foot of her head grabbed it and turned it down, at the same time calling for help, which soon came. Mrs. Wiseman was then arrested, and gave bail, and departed for her home near Hills-



GHASTLY SUICIDAL ACT OF JOHN M. UBELE, A DESPONDENT OLD MAN, IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

borough. Miss Sneed lives in the same locality. The cause of the difficulty between the women may be stated in a few words. In 1876 Miss Sneed gave birth to a child. She declared that Mrs. Wiseman's husband was the father of the child. The matter was finally arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman giving Miss Sneed a mortgage on their farm for \$400, and \$100 cash. When the mortgage became due the

Wisemans refused to pay, and suit was commenced to foreclose the mortgage. The Wisemans put in an answer and prepared to defend the case, but by the advice of counsel, they withdrew their answer and allowed judgment to be taken by default. It was about an hour after the answer had been withdrawn that the women met in the store, with the result detailed above. Mrs. Wiseman will be prosecuted at the next

term of the court, on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

A Wife's Defense of Her Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.]

READING, Pa., November 9.—A war has been waged here between H. S. Gets & Co., a marble sawing firm in this city, and the Reading Railroad Company, in reference to the construction of a siding across a field, the property of the former.

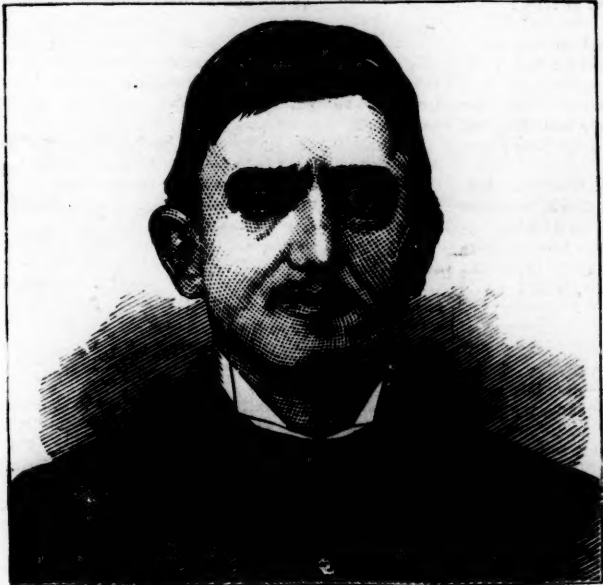
On the morning of the 7th a force of about thirty persons, with five or six bosses, appeared at this field, and commenced the work of constructing the siding. Wm. Myron, engineer at Gets & Co.'s marble yard, resided with his wife in a frame building on the marble yard property. This force called to him to come out, that they were going to tear down the house, which work they at once commenced. Great excitement prevailed and about eight hundred spectators quickly gathered about the scene. The forces of the disputing parties were duly marshaled under their respective leaders.

A pile of railroad sills were placed in the marble yard, and when they were being taken up to lay down for the construction of the track, Mr. Grundlach took hold of one end of a sill, raised it up and threw the end over on the heads and backs of half a dozen men who had taken hold of the other end of the sill. For awhile he pulled the sills away as fast as a dozen men laid them down where the track was to be constructed, and one of the railroad magnates remarked that if he had on his side half a dozen men like Grundlach he would lay the track against an opposing force of fifty men.

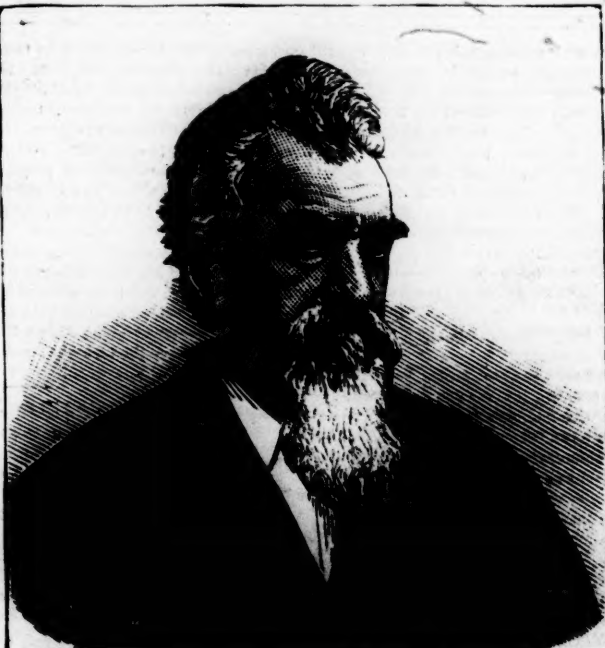
About 8 o'clock, while the sills were being handled rapidly and there was a collision between the opposing forces, and picks and crow-bars were raised ready for a general fight along the line, a woman appeared upon the scene in defense of her husband. She quickly became the cynosure of all eyes. It was Mrs. James K. Gets. She stepped upon some sills in the marble yard that were wanted and she slid off when the railroad men lifted up one end. One of the men pushed her off a sill, when she threw over his head her husband's vest she had in her hand, and then commenced striking him in the face with her fist. Her rapid blows left some marks in his face. Captain Grundlach interfered to prevent Mrs. Gets from being hurt, when the two men caught hold of each other and Grundlach had under his arm Yeldy's head, ready to strike him in the face, when the former's father appeared upon the scene, and the prisoner was released.



ROMANCE OF A TRAMP—A WANDERING VAGRANT, BEGGING AT A FARM HOUSE, IN WARREN COUNTY, OHIO, UNEXPECTEDLY MEETS AND IS WELCOMED BY HIS FORMER LOVE, BUT IS FATALLY BEATEN BY THE ENRAGED FATHER.—SEE PAGE 6.



GEORGE FREEMAN, ALIAS "SHREWEY GEORGE," IMPLICATED IN THE MURDER OF OFFICER RACE, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 2.



DR. L. L. BURTON, CHARGED WITH COMMITTING A FATAL ABORTION, NORWICH, CONN.—SEE PAGE 10.



PIERCE J. DANFIELD, ALIAS D. J. PIERCE, ALLEGED DEFAULTER, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 10.

A Noble Canine's Act.

[Subject of Illustration.]

St. Louis, Mo., November 9.—Spot is a fine dog, whose honest face, kindly eye and stout, muscular form, give token of well spent days and a clear conscience. He is half bull-dog, half terrier and whole hero. His color is largely white, with large brindle spots up around his massive shoulders. He weighs sixty-four pounds, and is fond of popularity, but doesn't sacrifice his dignity to win it. He belongs to a private watchman named Christian Seabold, who lives at 1510 Columbus street, but he has a beat in Plumb street district. Spot's hours of duty are coincident with those of his master, and when he starts out for his night's work Seabold fastens upon him a light, strong harness, the straps of which pass around his shoulders, before, behind and between his forelegs. This harness is so loose as not to interfere with the fullest play of the muscles, and is provided above and below with leather handles or "grips." Spot, notwithstanding his pedigree, is an excellent water dog, and his harness is a sort of life preserver, for the use of anybody that wants to be pulled ashore.

A young woman named Josie Clair threw herself into the river on Monday night. But the water was cutting cold, as well as deep, and when she struck it the shock was so great that she sent forth a piercing scream. Seabold started to run to help her, telling Spot to go ahead. Spot obeyed. When the dog reached the river the cries had ceased and nothing was to be seen on the dark surface. Spot plunged in and was far out from shore, searching around, when his master arrived on the scene. In another moment the dog came back, snorting and disappointed, for further orders. Just as he got out of the water, however, the woman reappeared at the surface, a short distance further down, and, throwing up her hands, splashed the water in a manner which caught the attention of the watchers. The dog saw the movement, and at a word from Seabold dashed in again and made straight for the struggling object. The woman disappeared just as he reached her, but he ducked his head, fastened his teeth and started on his laborious return, with a load twice his own weight. The woman struggled somewhat, and it was a tremendous undertaking for the brave dog. Once he went completely under,



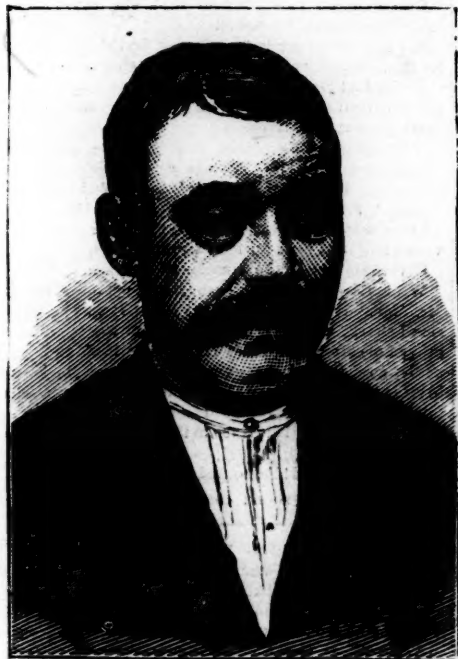
THE MOST AUDACIOUS YET—MR. BERNHARD'S JEWELRY STORE ON EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BOBBED BY CUTTING THROUGH THE SHOW WINDOW—THE SAME AFTERNOON IT IS AGAIN BOBBED BY THE SAME PARTIES.—SEE PAGE 2.

but in another second the water again broke away and Spot's white face could be seen, with a black object in front of it, and with terrific splashing and puffing he, at the end of five minutes, had reached a point a few yards from the shore. Men waded in and relieved the noble animal that had fought so dogfully for a human life. Medical attendance revived the woman, and she is now at the city hospital.

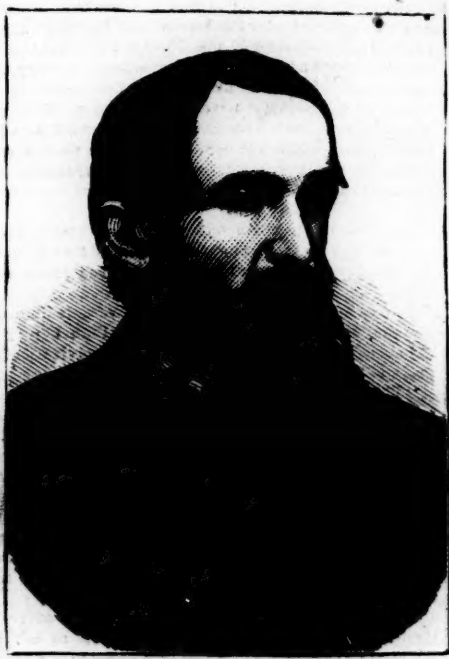
A Hypocritical Lothario.

[With Portrait.]

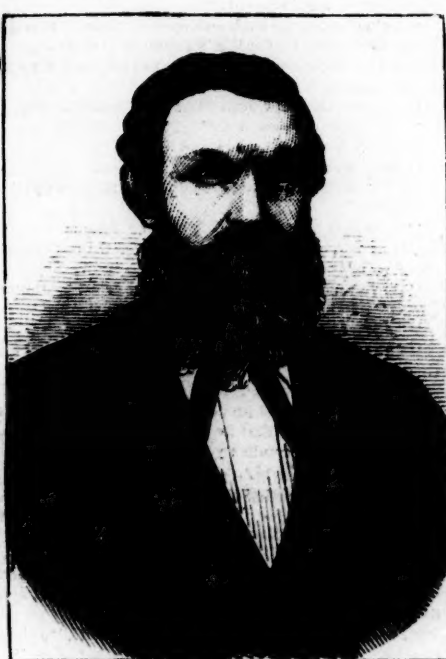
Among the many lecherous scoundrels employing religion as a cloak for their licentiousness who have lately come to the front, William Riley Burton, late of Columbus, Ind., is certainly deserving of a distinguished rank if half that is said of him by his recent friends and neighbors be true. Burton was a lawyer, in the enjoyment of a good practice in Columbus, and was also a prominent church member, active in Sunday school work and "loud" in religious matters generally. To his exalted reputation for piety he, no doubt, owed much of the opportunities for devilry, which it seems he was so ready to turn to account, as well as a large share of worldly prosperity. It is charged against him that he used religion and the talents with which he is endowed in gratifying his lust, and that those who have suffered or have been forced by circumstances to listen to his vile propositions are sinned against rather than having sinned. Though having a wife and children, it appears by the rumors that for some time he has persistently pursued ladies whom chance or social life have thrown in his way, with the most vile and indecent proposals, going so far in one instance as to approach a girl—a child—less than twelve years of age with lecherous intent. On a late occasion, at night, he was discovered in the act of embracing and kissing a neighbor's wife in the back yard, both being in night attire. Upon the husband hearing of the matter, some time afterwards, he started out, revolver in hand, with the avowed intention of shooting Burton. At the moment he entered the office of the latter the libertine saw blood in the infuriated husband's eye, and, to save himself, leaped through the window to the pavement twenty feet below. He boarded a passing train and Columbus was relieved of a rife scoundrel and hypocrite.



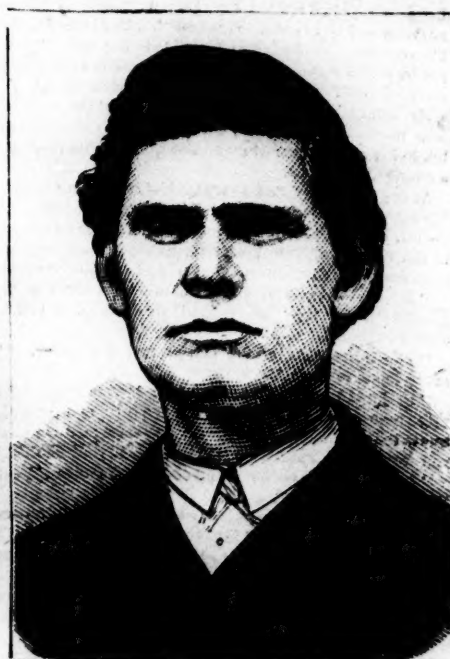
CHARLES WOODWARD, THE PALMER HOUSE BURGLAR AND JEWELRY ROBBER, CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 2.]



CHARLES ETHERIDGE, THE \$36,000 LOAN AND INSURANCE DEFAULTER, ST. PAUL, MINN.—SEE PAGE 2.



SILAS KEYSER, THE KINGSTON, N. Y., GUNPOWDER FIEND, UNDER LIFE SENTENCE.—SEE PAGE 2.



LAWYER WILLIAM RILEY BURTON, A HYPOCRITICAL LOTHARIO AND ABSCONDER, COLUMBUS, IND.

THE FINGER OF FATE;

OR,

THE CURSE OF CRIME.

A Story of Love, Intrigue and Retribution.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

"It is from Woodside," he exclaimed. "My mother is ill. Our neighbor, Mr. Snargate, telegraphs to me to come down. Nothing serious. A light attack of fever. I must go."

"This is fortunate," answered Silas, "provided the sickness is unimportant. You will now have an excuse for going home and staying there."

"That is so. I will go at once."

"In the interim," continued Silas, "I will keep a watch. I will, as the detectives say, work up the case, for I have a theory of my own respecting it."

"An' you believe—"

"Never mind what I believe at present. It is not my purpose to buoy you up with false hopes. Think only that I am working for you, while you are doing good and holy work in nursing your mother, whom you love so well and to whom you are all the world."

"Thank you," said Charles; "you make a man of me."

He felt stronger and better already.

Silas went to his sleeping room and put his effects together in a valise. A soft hat covered his head, so that the wound did not hurt him, and he was prepared to go.

"Here is my address," said Charles, handing the porter a slip of paper—"Woodside, Long Island." My father owned a little cottage there before he died. It is all my mother has now, except what I spare her out of my earnings. You will write to me?"

"Without fail. Await developments," replied Silas. The young man lingered on the threshold, as if he wished to speak, but did not like to.

"You want me to tell you about her and him?" exclaimed Silas, coming to his rescue.

"Yes; I want to know all about Miss Grace and Mr. Coverdale."

"The villain!"

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. Leave me alone. I kicked him out of this lodge to-day."

"You did?"

"Yes, indeed, and I have not done with him yet," replied Silas, with savage energy.

"My dear friend," continued Charles, "if you ever get a chance to speak to her do not fail to put in a good word for me. I think more of her esteem than I do of life itself."

"I understand. She shall think well of you. Good bye, and God bless you, as He must and will," answered Silas.

Charles Lambert grasped his hand warmly, looking him gratefully in the face, and passed through the gate with a springing and elastic step. For Silas Foster had made him believe that life was yet worth living.

At such a time Silas was a friend worth having.

CHAPTER IX.

MOTHER AND SON.

Mrs. Lambert lived in a pretty little frame cottage, covered with roses and California woodbine. It was neatly furnished and was very dear to her, as she had passed all her married life there.

When Charles arrived she was much better than when she had caused the despatch to be sent to him, and Charles found her able to greet him with her usual affection and willing to speak to him.

He thought that his troubles of the morning had left no trace upon him, but in this belief he was mistaken. He was too young, too honest and ingenious to wear a mask, and the annoyance he had experienced was plainly marked upon his face.

To a mother's eyes and a mother's instinct this was at once apparent. He could not deceive her. His face was pale, his eyes swollen. There was the wound on his head, which had matted the hair with blood. He was nervous and ill at ease. It is true that he kissed her with his accustomed affection and tried to be gay and debonaire, yet he failed signally; his hilarity was forced, his gaiety strained and the music of his voice was out of tune.

Mr. Snargate, the neighbor who had sent the despatch, was present with his wife when Charles appeared, and he, being an observer of men, also noticed that there was a change in Charles.

At the age of fifty-five Snargate had retired in comfortable circumstances from the detective department of the police, and there were few noted and habitual criminals in the vicinity of New York that Snargate had not come in contact with during an eventful and successful career.

"My boy," exclaimed Mrs. Lambert, after the first greeting was over, "this is kind, this is good of you. I didn't expect you so soon."

"The despatch alarmed me," replied Charles. "I made haste to come."

"Perhaps I worried it too strongly," remarked Snargate, who was a quick, grey, dapper little man, "but I knew that the sight of you was better than medicine, and you were worth your weight in quinine to your mother."

"I hope you have not neglected his business," said Mrs. Lambert.

"Oh, no. I readily got leave to go," replied Charles. Mrs. Lambert regarded him closely.

"You have been ill," she said. "Why did you not tell me? Perhaps you have been working too hard."

"Yes, there is a great deal for one clerk to do," he rejoined, with an air of embarrassment.

"You should be careful of your health, my boy."

"It is nothing, mother. I am going to stay with you till you get quite well, and the change will do us both good. That is how we must look at it."

This explanation was satisfactory to the old lady, and the conversation turned into other channels.

For the first time in his life Charles was glad to get away from his mother, whose questions annoyed him and whose searching looks were more than he could bear with equanimity.

He presented her with a few articles he had bought on the way, which he thought would be acceptable to her, and made an excuse to go down-stairs.

Mr. Snargate followed him, overtaking him in the parlor, where he had taken refuge, feeling that it would be a luxury to be alone. However much we may desire to escape from the world at times and commune with ourselves, it is usually a very difficult thing to accomplish. When he saw Mr. Snargate, whom he had known since he was a child, Charles decided that he could not escape and would have to make the best of it.

"What's the matter, Charles?" exclaimed Snargate, in a friendly tone, as he took a chair by his side. "Tell me all about it."

"I've nothing to tell," replied Charles. "Everything is just the same as usual."

"No, it isn't, either. I saw something was up directly you entered the room. Of course you didn't want to let on about it to the old woman, as she's sick but I'm an old friend of the family and of yours, so you needn't make any secret of it with me, for if anybody in the world wishes you well God knows it is me."

"It is I," would be more grammatical," said Charles, by way of saying something.

"Hang your grammar! Schools weren't so plentiful when I was young," said Snargate. "Come out with it. You've been bounced. I know it. If you don't own up I'll go to the city and find it all out."

Charles looked confused and angry.

"I don't see what right you have to question me and pry into my affairs," he said.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Snargate, quickly. "I'd be ashamed to talk that way. I've the right of long friendship and the right of age. So you've got the kick-out at Menander's. What for?"

"If you must know," said Charles, desperately, "I've been very badly treated."

"That I can believe. That crack on the back of the head is pretty severe and accounts for your paleness, but not for your haggard look. You're eyes are bloodshot and your face is so drawn down that you look ten years older."

"If I look as bad as I feel I must present a horrid appearance."

"Unburden your mind," exclaimed Snargate. "Open confession is good for the soul, you know."

"I will do so, provided you will not tell mother anything."

"Have you been doing anything wrong, Charles Lambert?" asked Snargate, regarding him intently.

"As heaven is my judge, I have not," answered Charles, quickly. "But you shall hear all, and I am not sure that I shall not do well by taking you into my confidence, for your detective sagacity is just what I want at the present time."

"Humph! Breach of trust, false accusation and all that sort of thing, eh! Well, I have retired from the profession, yet I'll enter the field again, Charles, if I could do you or the old woman any good."

Charles drew his chair closer to Mr. Snargate and in a low tone told him everything that had happened, beginning with Mr. Frank Coverdale's visit to the office, the death of the dog, the dinner party, the robbery and his dismissal as a supposed thief.

"Bad, very bad," exclaimed Snargate, when he had ended his recital.

"What do you mean?" asked Charles. "Bad on my part?"

"My dear boy, don't jump down my throat like that. I was talking professionally," answered Snargate. "And I meant it was very bad business on the part of Coverdale. Why a novice could cover up his tracks better than that."

"You think he committed the robbery then?"

"I don't think it. I'm sure of it. The thing is a moral certainty. Ha! ha! It's as simple as your A B C. Don't fret about it for an hour. Just you stop down here and enjoy a slight vacation with your mother, who is progressing favorably, and I'll see this thing put straight."

"You will?" cried Charles, in high delight.

"Why, yes. It will remind me of old times. I'd just love to corner this Mr. Frank Coverdale. By the way, what sort of a looking chap is he?"

"Handsome, youngish looking, pink and white complexion, nice talker, off-hand in his manner with his inferiors, inclined to put on style."

"And he works with the stout, red-faced Irishman, he calls the Colonel. Did you see this party; old, bent in the back, way down kind of man. Great drinker?"

"No, the Colonel was the only person I saw," replied Charles.

"There was another man in the gang I'm thinking of. Your Coverdale reminds me very much of Gentleman George, the great bank robber. But I'll soon find out."

Charles was extremely gratified with Mr. Snargate's remarks and felt glad that he had made a confidant of him.

"There had been no suspicion of his guilt for a moment in the old detective's mind. He had assumed from the first that Charles was innocent."

"He's playing for high stakes this time," remarked Snargate. "Mr. Coverdale's game is a deep one. He wanted to get you out of the way, at the same time that he got the money to carry on with."

"What harm had I done him?" inquired Charles.

"The greatest you could."

"How? I cannot understand it."

"What a child you are," said Snargate, compassionately. "Don't you see that you stood in his way?"

"How?"

"He wants to get the girl, and he fancied—whether justly or not, you know best—that Miss Grace Menander liked you."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Charles, greatly excited, "that he thinks he can marry Miss Grace?"

"That's his objective point."

"The second! I'd rather kill him with this hand than—"

"Stop there," interrupted Snargate. "I know how you feel, but we must proceed legally. We respect the law. I'll take care that he never does marry Miss Menander. Will that comfort you?"

Charles sighed deeply.

"Of course I have never been in a position to speak to her of love," he said. "There was such a gulf between us. She is the daughter of a very rich man and I am just nobody."

"Ah!—well, better women than she have married worse men than you, friend Charles," replied the detective, consolingly.

"I feel that my case is safe in your hands," rejoined Charles. "Do what you like. I shall be satisfied."

"Very well. To-morrow I shall go to the city."

"To-morrow. Why not to-night?"

"I do not act with the importance of a lover, there is plenty of time. Our bird is not likely to fly. Besides I never put myself in a hurry."

With this answer Charles was forced to be content, though he fretted inwardly at the least delay.

With the eagerness of youth, he wanted his innocence

made clear at once, when he thought he would have a favorable chance of revealing his passion to Miss Menander and ask her to decide his fate.

Mr. Snargate, however, took things leisurely and it was not until the next day that he started for New York, determining to call first at police headquarters, there to collect all the information possible respecting Gentleman George, with whom he thought Coverdale was identical, and secondly, to visit John, the porter—alias Silas Foster—at Menander's lumber yard.

Having arranged his plan of action in his own mind, he took leave of his wife, whom he told he should be absent on business a week or two, and left Charles with his convalescent mother satisfied that he had two friends—Silas and the detective—who were willing to work night and day, to remove the tarnish from his honor, which a vile conspiracy had put upon it.

CHAPTER X.

COVERDALE PLAYS HIS GAME.

Exerting himself to please, Mr. Frank Coverdale made himself so agreeable to Mr. and Miss Menander that they begged him to prolong his stay.

This he consented to do, but not without some hesitation.

"I would gladly spend some days with you," he said in the parlor after dinner, when Grace had finished playing on the piano and the desire for his company had been expressed by both. "But the fact is, my yacht is under orders and I have made arrangements to proceed to Newport."

"Your yacht," exclaimed Mr. Menander. "I was not aware you had one."

"Oh! yes. She is lying off Bay Ridge now, where I kept her all the winter."

"I am passionately fond of the sea," said Grace.

"And I like yachting," remarked Mr. Menander. "If I knew you better, Mr. Coverdale, and did not think I was imposing on your good nature, I should ask you to take us for a cruise."

"I should be very glad, but—er—my building speculations, you see, take up so much of my time," stammered Coverdale.

"Still, you are going yourself," persisted Menander, "and you cannot fill your yacht unaided, but perhaps you have made other arrangements. I was wrong to press you. Forgive me."

"Not at all. You shall come. I shall only be too happy to offer such hospitality as is within my power to Miss Menander and yourself," Coverdale hastened to say.

Here was a dilemma from which he did not know how to extricate himself.

He had no yacht and he had only stated the fact of his possessing one, to make himself of importance in the eyes of his new friends.

Yet he had money, which had come as the proceeds of the robbery, and after satisfying the demands of the Colonel and Dick Gray, he was rich still.

Always bold and full in expedients he determined to hire a yacht, which he knew he could easily do in a city like New York.

"Oh! how nice," cried Grace. "When shall we start? Do give me time to buy some suitable dresses, Mr. Coverdale. I have positively no yachting costume in my wardrobe."

"I shall not be able to give you much time, say three days, Miss Menander."

"That will do. I shall be ready, even if I have no appropriate dress to go in. It is really quite too good of you to ask us."

"Yes," said Menander. "I already feel deeply indebted to Mr. Coverdale and shall ask an early opportunity of returning his kindness."

"No necessity for that, my dear sir. It is you who confer the obligation."

"I do not see it in that light."

Coverdale took his leave late that evening and it was with a sense of supreme satisfaction, as he drove home to his hotel that he remembered, he squeezed Grace's hand and she had not withdrawn it.

That was tacit encouragement and he dared to hope that his bold scheme would be successful.

Perhaps the trip to Newport in a yacht would be the best possible means for love-making. The season had not begun yet. No one would be there to expose him and say that he was not a yacht owner. He would have things all his own way.

If he could only marry Grace and make sure of her fortune, he need fear nothing, for if the robbery of the safe, in the lumber yard was brought home to him, Mr. Menander could not very well, prosecute the husband of his daughter.

Being a worldly young man, Coverdale was wise in his generation and calculated his chances as well as it was in the power of mortal man to reckon.

There is, however, a Providence which shapes our ends and the best laid plans often miscarry, just at the very moment when we feel sure of their fruition.

It did not take him long to find a yacht whose owner was willing to let it for the season and he paid a sum down to get possession of the Water Lily, taking the captain, crew and stores of the last season, thereby saving time, if not cash, for he had to put his hands in his pocket pretty deeply to purchase a variety of articles which he never before imagined a yacht could stand in need of, but for expense, a yacht is worse than a race-horse, or a white elephant, or any other stupendous luxury which the mind of the millionaire is apt to indulge in.

The Water Lily was a schooner-rigged yacht, handsomely fitted up and commanded by an old salt named Captain Tarbo, who in his time had served many masters.

He was not at all surprised when Coverdale informed him that he knew no more about the sea than a porpoise did about the land, and should leave the navigation entirely to him.

"That's the way with most gentlemen, sir," he replied. "They take to the sea for pleasure. I've been brought up to it and am more at home in a ship than in a house, so you can trust me."

Coverdale surprised Mr. Menander and Grace by bringing the yacht up the Hudson one morning as they were coming down-stairs to breakfast.

They had made their arrangements to start, however, and by ten o'clock were on board, by lunch time they were passing through the narrows and at dinner time they were at sea.

The almost inevitable sensation of sickness overcame them all and they retired early to their state-rooms, but the next day being fair, they did not suffer to any appreciable degree and the enjoyment of the cruise began.

Coverdale and Grace were thrown much together and his quiet, gentlemanly manner grew upon her until she tried to persuade herself that she liked him.

Thoughts of Charles Lambert would intrude themselves upon her and she felt that it was a sort of treachery to entertain anything in the semblance of affection for Coverdale, but when she reflected that Charles was un-

doubtedly a thief, she hoped that she was freed from anything stronger than sympathy with him in his misfortunes.

In the afternoon a dead calm fell upon the restless ocean, the sails hung idly to the yards or flapped against the masts and to divert his guests, Coverdale, ordered lines to be brought from below and suggested that they should fish.

He himself found a pleasure in baiting the hook of Miss Menander while her father experienced a genuine delight in hauling up the bass which bit hungrily.

"You seem to appreciate the charms of yachting," Miss Menander, remarked Coverdale.

"Oh! yes, I have never enjoyed anything so much in my life," she replied. "But indeed my life has been a very quiet one, in fact what some would call humdrum, and I have had little amusement."

"You are so young, and it has been said, with what truth I will not pretend to judge, that a woman never begins to live until she gets married."

Grace blushed slightly.

"I do not think I shall ever marry," she answered.

"You could not be so cruel to the opposite sex. Why, you must have received numerous offers already, but of course in your position and with your talents and beauty, you are exacting. Brides are difficult to please."

"No, Mr. Coverdale, I have never had an offer," she said, looking down.

"Is it possible?"

"I go so little into society. Papa does not like his species I sometimes think. With him, man is but a gregarious animal."

They were sitting on camp-stools near the stern of the vessel and some distance from Mr. Menander who was on the other side.

Coverdale rose to look at her line.

"I thought you had a fish," he observed.

"I have caught six. Thanks to your kind help. I cannot catch them all."

He bent over her until his face almost touched hers.

"Never mind the fish," he exclaimed. "I have something to say to you."

Grace looked surprised but not annoyed.

"Is it of such a very important and private nature that you are afraid of the listening air hearing it?"

"Yes, it is very important, at least to me, though you may not look at it in that light."

"May I ask what it is?"

She toyed a little nervously with the fringe of her parasol and did not dare to once raise her eyes to his.

"Certainly, I want to tell you, but you must promise not to be angry with me."

"How can I make any promise, you silly fellow," replied Grace, "dill I know what it is."

"I will throw myself on your generosity—your mercy—your forbearance, and believing, as I have always believed, that I was born under a lucky star, fear nothing, not even your sovereign displeasure."

"Beware!" said Grace, with a smile. "Women are always tyrants."

"I cannot help it," replied Coverdale, in the same ardent, passionate strain, his eyes fairly ablaze with amorous light. "I know my presumption is almost unpardonable, Miss Menander, but I entertain feelings of the highest regard for you; in fact, I love you fondly, passionately."

"Sir," she ejaculated, this time darting the glance of her eyes into his.

He did not quail, however. He met the glance boldly. Having broken the ice, he knew that he had to persevere, even if he met with defeat.

"Pardon me," he continued. "Bear with me for a moment. I am aware that we have such a slight acquaintance with each other; that we have known one another but a few days, yet you have heard and read of love at first sight. I had no sooner seen you, Miss Menander—Grace, let me call you Grace—than I felt myself brought on ray point with you, by the strongest kind of animal magnetism. There was no use resisting it. For me you were in future the Pole Star. The magnet of my life. If you reject me, I will live a life of loneliness. Drive me away from you; spurn me; reject me—you have a right to do it, but you can never deprive me of the thrice blessed privilege of loving you. I adore you at a distance. I can spend my life in worshipping at your shrine, for your image will ever live in my eyes."

Grace's eyes filled with tears. She was very young yet she knew that Coverdale had violated all rules of propriety in making such a declaration to her on such a short acquaintance.

"Surely, Mr. Coverdale," she said, "it would have been better to have left this unsaid. If my father had given you permission to address me, I might have listened."

"Thank you for that, it is some slight consolation," Coverdale hastened to say. "I know I have been wrong. I ought not to have given utterance to my feelings. It is done and cannot be recalled. I will speak to your father. Tell me at least that I am not indifferent to you."

Grace's heart palpitated so that she could hear it thumping against her breast.

She could not conscientiously say that she did not care for the handsome and winning young stranger and yet if she admitted her regard for him, she would have to admit to herself that she had been carried by storm, which is what no woman likes.

"Do not press me," she said. "Give me time to commune with myself. This is so sudden. You have taken me by surprise. Oh!" she added in quick alarm. "For heaven's sake, what is that?"

There was a sudden scuffling on the other side of the vessel and loud cries for help were heard.

Coverdale took in the situation at a glance.

While they were talking, they had not observed that Mr. Menander had hooked a big fish. It was probably a small shark, such as is met with off our coasts. The fish proved too strong for him. He was obstinate and would not let go. He had bent over the bulwarks to prevent his line being carried away and the fish giving a sharp tug had pulled him overboard.

"My father," cried Grace in the utmost alarm. "Save my father!"

"Man overboard!" shouted the helmsman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of the strangest verdicts ever rendered in Norfolk, Va., or elsewhere, was given, on the 8th, in the Corporation Court of that city in the case of the Commonwealth against the young man, Orlan Cook, who brutally murdered an inoffensive old man named Frank Cornick, on Wide Water street, about six weeks ago, while his victim was quietly eating his dinner at a cook stand.

At the time the murder was committed Cook crept up behind his victim, armed with an oak stake weighing several pounds, raised the club with both hands and, bringing it down with terrific force, felled the harmless old man to the sidewalk, breaking the skull and killing him instantly. For this horrible crime he receives the mild sentence of one year's imprisonment.

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A DISAPPOINTED-LOVER'S DRAMATIC SUICIDE-VICTOR BUTLER, BEING REJECTED BY MISS CLARK, BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SWEETHEART AND TWO OTHER LADIES, NEW YORK CITY.-See Page 11.